

February, 1901. Vol. XIX.

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NORTHWEST MAGAZINE

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AN OLD-TIME CAMP SCENE ON THE SHORES OF LAKE SUPERIOR.



In
This
Number { The Mound-Builders in the Copper Country of Michigan.
An Exploring Expedition in Northern Idaho—Part IV.
Riches of Cape Nome Gold-Fields.
An Almost Unknown Minnesota River.



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GATES IRON WORKS

The Story of a Copper Smelting Plant.

In June, 1899, the Granby Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co., Ltd., Mr. A. B. W. Hodges,

Supt., purchased from Gates Iron Works, the oldest builders of Mining Machinery in the U. S. A., a complete copper smelting plant, consisting of two rectangular water-jacketed furnaces, 44 x 160 inches, and all the appurtenances incident to a modern copper smelting plant, which in this instance included also a complete sampling works. The plant was erected at Grand Forks, B. C., to handle the low-grade copper ores in the Boundary district. The plant was designed and the machinery built, sold and guaranteed on the basis of having a capacity of 500 tons per day. The Granby plant is one of the greatest in the Northwest, and includes a vast water power, electric generators, railroad tracks, administration buildings, and many other extensive and costly features, all of which are necessary to the plant. The furnaces were finally blown in about August 1, 1900, and under the superintendence of Mr. Hodges at once developed a capacity beyond the expectations of the purchasers and builders. The local newspaper, under date of September 1, said:

"The smelter is a success!
"It has now been running long enough to thoroughly demonstrate this fact. Since it started up there has not been a detail of any kind in which the plant can be said to have failed the expectations of the promoters of the enterprise.

"The Company started out to erect a smelting and reduction plant which could treat ores running from \$5 to \$8 in values, and treat them profitably. That they have done this no one who sees the big works in operation and who views the quality of matte being turned out can doubt for one moment."

After the plant had been in operation three months, the local newspaper made the following report:

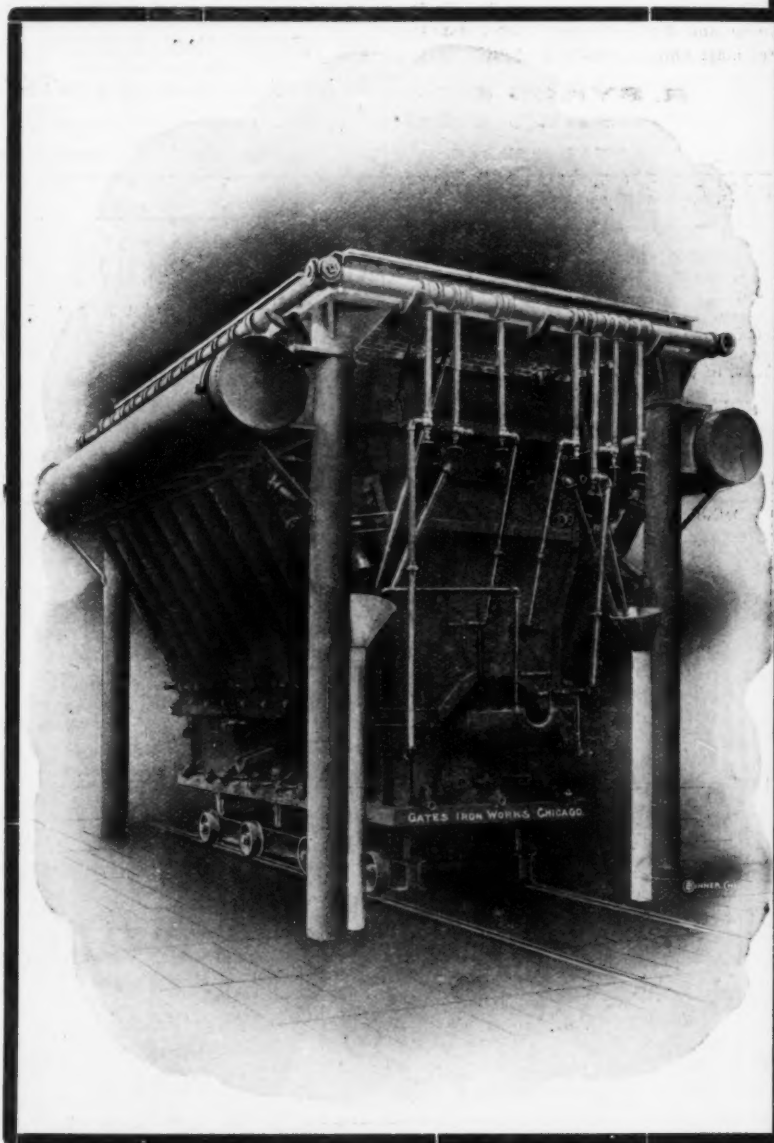
"The Granby smelter made the record of its existence during the twenty-four hours ending at 6 o'clock this morning, when it finished a run of 763 tons for the day, with a normal capacity of only 500 tons. This is 263 tons more than the plant is supposed to handle, and undoubtedly breaks all smelting records of the world.

"The matte turned out during this wonderful run is of better than the usual grade, averaging 80 per cent copper.

"Jay F. Graves, general manager of the Miner-Graves syndicate, who is now in the East, was interviewed in Montreal the other day, and stated that the smelter here was handling ore running \$6 per ton and better at a fair margin of profit."

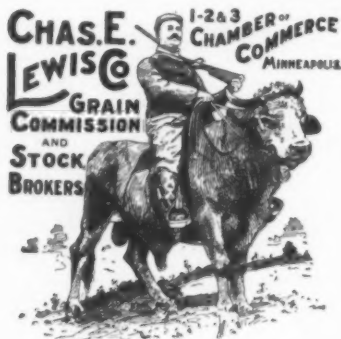
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THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly.



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VOL. XIX.—No. 2.

FEBRUARY, 1901.

20 CENTS PER COPY.
\$2.00 PER YEAR.

THE MOUND-BUILDERS IN THE COPPER COUNTRY OF MICHIGAN.

By J. H. Lathrop.

The so-called "Copper Country" comprises the counties of Keweenaw, Houghton, and Ontonagon in Northern Michigan, covering a length of some eighty miles. These counties compose the extreme northern part of the State, and are bounded east, north, and west by Lake Superior. Houghton County is divided about midway by the waters of Portage Lake and the ship canal which connects Portage Lake with Lake Superior. In reality, the northern part of Houghton County and all of Keweenaw County is a large island, connected with the mainland by a bridge of about one-quarter of a mile in length, between the towns of Hancock on the north and Houghton on the south side of the lake. Practically all the modern mining for copper which has been done during the past fifty-five years in Michigan has been done in these three counties.

The first information given to the civilized world of the existence of copper on the shores of Lake Superior was contained in a book published at Paris, by one Lagarde, in 1636, in which he says, speaking of the Lake Superior Country: "There are mines of copper which might be made profitable if there were inhabitants and workmen who would labor faithfully. That would be done if colonies were established." His information concerning the existence of copper in this region was derived from the Indians then inhabiting the country.

Pierre Boucher, in his book published in 1640, also at Paris, states: "There are mines of copper, tin, antimony, and lead. In Lake Superior there is a great island, which is fifty leagues in circuit, in which there is a very beautiful mine of copper; it is found, also, in various places in large pieces, all refined."

The "beautiful mine of copper" referred to by this writer undoubtedly was the ancient workings reopened by the Minong Company in 1874, and referred to more fully later in this article. It is not improbable that the exodus of the ancient miners at that time may have been so recent that the masses of native copper, later taken out by the Minong Company from the ancient pits, were then fully exposed. If their work on Isle Royale was so plainly defined more than two hundred and thirty years later, it is not unreasonable to suppose that, at the time Boucher speaks of, these openings were more like a recently opened mine than of one long since abandoned.

From 1660 to 1665, and later, the Jesuits made several visits to Lake Superior, establishing missions at various points; and the

memories of Fathers Allouez and Mesnard have been perpetuated in those mines of Houghton County which were named for them. The Jesuits were keen observers, not only for the spiritual welfare of their charges, but also of the geography of the country and its minerals, and their writings gave further information as to the deposits of copper along the shores of the lake. De Charlevoix visited Lake Superior in the course of his extensive explorations, and wrote intelligently and with truth concerning the native copper which he saw along the shore and in the hands of the Indians, who, however, made no practical use of the metal, but hoarded it, regarding the nuggets with superstitious reverence.

In 1765 Captain Jonathan Carver says he discovered "mines of virgin copper which was as fine as that found in any other country," and also that the Ontonagon River is "remarkable for the abundance of virgin copper that is found on and near its banks." A few years later, on returning to England, Carver formed a company in London to work the proposed mine in Ontonagon. In 1771 a party of miners came over from England to establish the mine, but their efforts were fruitless, owing to wrong methods adopted in their mining.

From this time nearly three-quarters of a century elapsed before mining was again commenced in the Lake Superior District. In 1843 the Government began issuing what were called "mining permits" to prospectors, giving the right to examine certain areas, and to locate mines. In 1846 the Cliff mine in Keweenaw County was opened, and in 1849 it commenced pay-



NATURAL WALL NEAR CALUMET, WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN
BUILT BY THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

ing dividends. In 1849 operations at the Minnesota mine in Ontonagon County were begun, and in 1854 the mine paid its first dividend. Succeeding them, many other mining companies have been formed, some of which are still producers, while others exist only in abandoned workings and in the memories of their unfortunate stockholders.

The preceding account is all a matter of history; but centuries ago, even long before the discovery of America, it may be,—for archaeologists differ in their opinions,—the Lake Superior District was extensively and systematically mined for copper by that strange prehistoric race whom we know by the general term of "Mound-Builders," or, as more commonly called in the copper country, "the Ancient Miners." No one living can determine positively who they were, where they came from, or where they went after leaving their homes. That quotation from the Bible, "By their works ye shall know them," applies most appropriately to these strange people. Scattered through nearly all of the Western States, notably in Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Lower Michigan, are still found huge artificial mounds that were evidently once used as foundations for buildings, thus raising them above the level of the surrounding country. Many of these mounds are even now, after the lapse of centuries, from twenty to seventy feet in height and from five hundred to one thousand feet or more in circumference. Farther south, along the valley of the Lower Mississippi River, the mounds are generally lower in height but of greater area. Another class of these works are extended enclosures, formed by embankments of earth and stone,—some of these are from five to thirty feet in height,—surrounding areas of from one to four hundred acres. These were doubtless protections for villages. The most notable of these works is that located on the east bank of the Little Miami River in Warren County, Ohio, about thirty-three miles northeast of Cincinnati, and known as Fort Ancient. The walls of the fortified place are about five miles in length, and enclose an area of rather more than one hundred acres. Even at this late day the walls remaining are from five to twenty feet in height.

From the immense number of these mounds and earthworks extending through the country practically from the western part of the State of New York to the Mississippi River, it is evident that for many years prior to the discovery of America the central part of the United States was populated by a prosperous people far advanced in civilization beyond the savage Indian tribes who were in possession of the country when the white people first landed on our shores. The antiquity of these mounds can be imagined when it is stated that in 1846, on a mound in Ohio, a chestnut-tree was then standing which measured twenty-one feet in circumference and had an age of nearly six hundred years; while near by was an immense fallen oak which, though much decayed, measured twenty-three feet in circumference. On one of the mounds at Marietta, Ohio, was a tree showing eight hundred rings of annual growth.

During the years 1820 to 1840, many of these mounds in the West were cut through or carted away in the progress of civilization, and many stone and copper implements were found therein. Copper at that time had not been discovered in the

West, and many were the surmises as to where the Mound-Builders had obtained it to make their articles of ornament or for use. It was not until the prospectors for copper in the Lake Superior Country began their labors from 1843-'46, that the

question was satisfactorily solved. In the twenty years which followed the re-discovery of copper in Northern Michigan, many were the evidences which continually presented themselves to the prospector, of the labors of other miners in the far-distant past. Many prospectors reported to their employers the discoveries of the work of the ancient miners, but in most instances the information was lightly passed by, as the employers were in search of the red metal, and not of mere showings that other miners had preceded them.

It would have been more to their interest, however, had the work of the former explorers been more closely

followed; for, by some strange intuition, these ancient miners seemed to know just where to look for copper. They made few mistakes, for in almost every instance where the successful mines of the present day are located, were originally works, more or less extensive, of the prehistoric race. This fact has been quoted to show that those strange people had some mysterious intuition by which they were able to discover mineral veins. It is far more probable to assume that their explorations were conducted at a time before the action of the elements had disintegrated the surface of the rocks, thus leaving the mineral veins more exposed to view. Probably, in all, more than two hundred evidences of ancient work have been discovered, and of all these but few records have been kept.

The traces which the ancient miners have left of their work in the Lake Superior copper country indicate that they were a most industrious and intelligent race, and that their manual labors must have extended through centuries of time, as they cover an area in Michigan, known as the trap-range, having a length of nearly one hundred miles through Keweenaw, Houghton, and Ontonagon counties, and with a width varying from two to seven miles. Their works were also very extensive on the island in Lake Superior, some forty miles from the Michigan shore, known as Isle Royale. This island is about forty miles in length, by an average of five miles in width. Their works here will be spoken of more in detail later.

In the Lake Superior District copper exists in three forms, known as "masses," "barrel-work," and "stamp copper." The "masses," which are, as the name indicates, masses of nearly pure copper, range in weight from fifty pounds upwards, and it is of record that two masses have been taken out weighing nearly 600 tons each. "Barrel-work" consists of pieces of copper too large to go under the stamps at the mill and yet small enough to be put in barrels. Masses, if not too large, and the barrel-work go directly to the smelters. "Stamp copper" consists of small particles of copper unevenly distributed through the lode-rock. This rock is broken into small pieces by the crushers at the mine, then taken to the mill, where the stamp-heads pound the rock into sand, which is washed away by water, thus freeing the copper. The ancient miners cared nothing for the stamp copper, which was useless to them; so their attention was paid to the small masses and barrel-work. The fissure-veins, carrying mostly heavy copper, were the objects of their research.



LAKE SUPERIOR SHORE OF THE PORTAGE LAKE SHIP CANAL, WHERE THE MOUND-BUILDERS ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE LANDED ON THEIR VOYAGE FROM ISLE ROYALE—IT WAS AT THIS POINT THAT THE VALUABLE COPPER TOOLS, MENTIONED IN THE ARTICLE, WERE FOUND.

From examination of their ancient pits we can get a fair idea of their methods of mining, which are crude and primitive to our eyes, but which show wonderful perseverance on their part. The process was to heat the rock carrying the embedded copper by building fires along the outcrop of the vein, and then, removing the coals, to dash water on the heated rock, thus cracking it, and afterwards taking out the broken pieces of rock; then, by breaking away the remaining rock with stone hammers, they released the copper. This method is shown plainly, in all the ancient workings, by the presence of quantities of charcoal and of stone hammers. In some places remains of birch-bark baskets have been found. These were used to carry water to the fires, or the pieces of copper to the boats. It is assumed that the ancient miners had no knowledge of raising water otherwise than by hand, for the pits have only been sunk to a depth where water could be baled out of the pits with comparative ease by sets of men.

All along the trap-range the vestiges of ancient mining-works are very numerous. As far back as 1771, a large mass of native copper weighing about four tons was found near the bank of the Ontonagon River. It is supposed that this mass was moved from its native resting-place to the place near the river where found. In 1845 it was floated on a raft down the river by James K. Paull, who thus became the first shipper of modern times of a large amount of copper from the Lake Superior District. Unfortunately for Mr. Paull, this mass of copper was appropriated by an agent of the United States Government, by him shipped to Detroit, and later to Washington, where it now reposes in the Smithsonian Institute.

The earliest record in detail of the work of the ancient miners was the discovery in 1846 by the prospector, Albert Hughes, on the Minnesota mine location in Ontonagon County, and thus described by Samuel O. Knapp, then agent of the Minnesota mine:

"When he had penetrated to a depth of eighteen feet, he came to a mass of native copper, ten feet long, three feet wide, nearly two feet thick, and weighing over six tons. On digging around the mass it was found to rest on billets of oak, supported on sleepers of the same material. The wood, from its long exposure to moisture, was dark-colored and had lost its consistency. It opposed no more resistance to a knife-blade than so much peat. The earth was so firmly packed as to support the mass of copper. The ancient miners had evidently raised it about five feet, and then abandoned the work as too laborious. The

tion, described more fully hereafter in this article. As at the Calumet, this Winthrop deposit was undoubtedly a storage-pit of the ancient miners for the copper found in their mining-pits. During the lapse of ages the native copper, originally placed in the storage-pits by the miners, had disintegrated into the carbonate formation. Little attention seems to have been paid to this discovery at the Winthrop mine, for, in the haste of running the adit, the deposit was quickly cut through; so that its indications and contents were covered up by the debris, and all further traces obliterated.

In 1857, while exploring on the lands of the North Cliff Company at Keweenaw Point, west of Eagle River, Edwin J. Hulbert and Amos H. Scott discovered evidence of the work of ancient miners which was described by Mr. Hulbert as follows:

"The opening was a perfectly-performed underhand slope. The vein was rather in the form of a large cross course. The ancient miners had excavated between the walls of this vein, a width varying from two to three and one-half feet, almost the entire matrix for a distance of some thirty feet in length, and in some places six feet in depth. They carried away with them the entire product of their copper, the excavation containing only decomposed leaves."

A large mass of float-copper was found in the woods on the land of the Mesnard Mining Company, located to the northeast of the Franklin mine. This mass had been worked at by the ancient miners, as much charcoal was found around it, and the top and sides had been beaten smooth by stone hammers, the marks of which were plainly visible. All projections, and every particle of copper which could be beaten off, had been carried away. The ancient miners must have felt much regret at having to abandon such a treasure. This mass weighed about eighteen tons, and was cut up under direction of Mr. Jacob Houghton, agent of the Mesnard Company.

The most extensive series of continuous workings as yet discovered were those found on Isle Royale, on what is known as the Minong Belt. Here, for a distance of about one and three-quarter miles in length and for an average width of nearly four hundred feet, successive pits indicate the mining out of the belt of solid rock to a depth of from twelve to thirty feet. Between the rows of pits are ridges of rock and soil, taken from successive pits, and indicating that they were left as dams to prevent the passage of water from one pit to another while the latter was being wrought. In another place a drain sixty feet long had been dug and covered with timbers, felled and laid across. In one place the vein had been



LAC LA BELLE, KEWEENAW COUNTY, MICH.—ON THE HILL TO THE LEFT WAS LOCATED THE OLD WINTHROP MINE, WHERE THE GREEN CARBONATE ORE WAS DISCOVERED—THE BUILDING TO THE RIGHT IS THE OLD SMELTER USED IN THE SIXTIES; THE SPLENDIDLY-EQUIPPED STAMP-MILL OF RECENT YEARS IS NOT SHOWN IN THIS VIEW.

number of ancient hammers he took from this and other excavations exceeded ten cartloads. They were made of greenstone or porphyry boulders."

From further explorations in this pit, it appeared that the original work was about thirty feet in depth. On the debris outside the mouth of the pit were trees showing three hundred and ninety-five rings of annual growth.

In 1852, at the opening of an adit in the Winthrop mine in Keweenaw County, located just west of the present Central Mining Company, there was discovered a large amount of green carbonate of copper, less in extent, but of a similar nature to that found in 1865 at the opening of a pit on the Calumet loca-

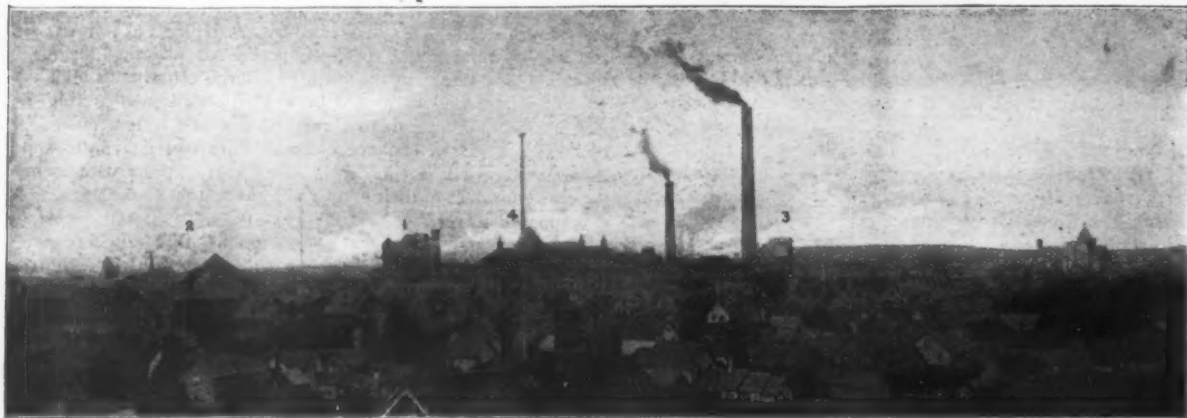
tion followed on an incline to a depth of more than thirty feet, and some thirty inches in width, with large boulders rolled in and wedged to keep the rock above from falling in on the miners, thus taking the place of timbering, as in our modern mines.

These discoveries on the Minong Belt, first noted in 1867, and more extensively explored in 1871 and 1872, led to the formation of the Minong Mining Company in 1874; and in the work of clearing out the old pits much barrel-work and stamp copper was found, also a mass weighing nearly three tons, which had been detached from its bed by the ancient miners, as it showed the marks of stone hammers, but was evidently too heavy to be carried away. From the extent of these workings on Isle Royale,

it would indicate that a large number of men must have been employed for a long series of years, and as Lake Superior is a treacherous sheet of water, the crossing of the intervening forty miles between Isle Royale and Michigan must have been risky work for small boats or canoes.

Nothing has ever been found on either Isle Royale or in the Lake Superior region, to indicate that the ancient miners were permanent dwellers in the copper country. The climate is severe, and the best of protection has to be given to the people at the mines. When one considers the length of time which had to be

works of the Mound-Builders throughout Wisconsin, Lower Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky, and Tennessee. That the copper from which these tools were made came from the Lake Superior District is not a question of doubt, though the tools and implements were scattered over a vast area of country. Copper ore exists in vast deposits over Arizona, New Mexico, and Central America, but nothing has ever been discovered which would lead anyone to imagine that the ancient miners were sufficiently skilled in metallurgy as to be able to reduce the ores to refined copper. In all the relics of the



VIEW OF CALUMET, MICH., SHOWING A SMALL PORTION OF THE GREAT CALUMET MINE LOCATION—NO. 1 IS THE SHAFT-HOUSE OF THE CALUMET, THE IDENTICAL SPOT WHERE THE MOST IMPORTANT STORAGE-PIT OF THE ANCIENT MINERS WAS LOCATED.

taken in making the long journey from even Southern Michigan to the copper region, unless the seasons were very different in those ancient days than at the present, it is safe to infer that the actual mining in the Lake Superior Country, and particularly on Isle Royale, could not have exceeded three months in the year. These ancient miners were doubtless well posted as to the advantages of the organization of labor, particularly in these extensive works at Isle Royale. There were probably parties who were expert in the extraction of copper from the rock, others whose time was occupied in bailing water from the pits, or carrying it to the heated rocks, and still others who were engaged in the manufacture of stone hammers, sledges, and other implements from the water-worn boulders from the beach. Other parties, also, were busy in procuring food from the lake, and from the woods surrounding the workings.

A peculiarity of the immense numbers of stone hammers which were found in and about the Isle Royale workings, and which has often been commented upon, was the absence of a groove around the stone. This groove was for the purpose of bending a piece of flexible wood around it and then holding it firmly in place by thongs of deerskin, thus providing a handle which could be reinforced by stiffer pieces of wood. The stone hammers found on the mainland of Michigan almost invariably have the grooves. In some explorations made during the summer of 1899 on the Ontonagon Range, one of these hammers was found with a part of the handle still intact, held in place by the thongs of skin. It may be that the miners at Isle Royale found the stones on the beaches so well shaped by nature and the attrition of the waves that they made excellent hammers just as they were picked up, so that no time was taken to fit them with handles. On the mainland, near the Ontonagon River, there was found quite an area of ground strewn with stone chips and broken and discarded pieces of porphyry, showing that at some time in the distant past it had been a sort of workshop for the purpose of preparing the stone hammers and other implements for transportation inland.

The articles and tools into which the pieces of native copper were made were arrowheads, bracelets, awls, needles, knives, spears, chisels, wedges, fleshers, axes, and various other things. These articles are found in the mounds scattered from Lower Michigan to Central America, and from Pennsylvania to Arizona, but the greatest numbers have been found buried in the

Mound-Builders there is no evidence of any vessels which would indicate that they had ever been used for crucibles, nor is there any evidence of furnaces.

In the Lake Superior Country are the only known extensive deposits of native copper in the world. This virgin copper, of almost absolute purity, was of great value to the ancient miners, owing to its extreme ductility and the comparative ease with which it could be manufactured into their necessary implements. They seem to have known how to harden copper, so as to give it a cutting edge. This is shown by the edges of many of their axes which have been found, the points of spears, etc. A peculiarity of Lake Superior copper is that silver is often found in direct connection with copper, by nature's welding, and with the line of impact clearly defined. Implements of copper, showing the same characteristics, have been found in the works of the Mound-Builders.

How these strange people came to the Lake Superior region can only be a matter of inference, but from the traces they have left there is but little question that their migrations were made by water. Traces of their storage-pits have been found along the shore of St. Mary's River below Sault Ste. Marie, locally and generally known as the "Soo." Another series of storage-pits was along the north shore of Portage Lake, just below the town of Hancock, and these were doubtless used to store the copper taken from along the range now occupied by the Quincy and Franklin mines. That the pits along Portage Lake were used for the storage of copper there is no doubt, for the native rock at this place is a sandstone, carrying no copper. The storage-pits on the St. Mary's River were used for the same purpose, for there is no native copper in that vicinity. On the other side of the river, in Canada, many exploration-pits of the ancient miners have been found, but no extended workings; for the Canadian copper is in the form of copper ore, and there is no evidence that it was ever worked. It would seem as though many canoes or boats must have been employed during the summer months in conveying copper from the Lake Superior storage-pits to the "Soo," thence to be transported either to the south shore of Lake Erie, or by way of Lake Michigan to more interior portions of the country.

By far the most interesting of these storage-pits was that discovered by Edwin J. Hulbert in 1858, and opened by him in February, 1865. This pit was situated on the crest of the hill

about midway between the head of Torch Lake, where the Calumet & Hecla stamp-mills are now located, and Lake Superior. The position on the hill is now a part of the Calumet & Hecla location, and No. 1 shaft of the Calumet mine was sunk through this ancient pit. It is a generally accepted theory that one route of the ancient miners was through Torch Lake in their canoes, then a carry of nine miles over the hills to Lake Superior, and thence to Isle Royale. This would cut off the long journey of some eighty miles by water around Keweenaw Point. By a singular coincidence, this storage-pit was dug by the ancient miners directly above the famous Calumet lode, but there is no evidence to show that the men who dug it originally ever knew of the richness below, for the lode lay beneath a heavy over-burden of earth, and the ancient miners did not go down deep enough to uncover the rock below. It was not an exploration pit, but a storage-pit pure and simple.

This pit was about fifty feet in diameter, practically nearly circular in shape, and presented the appearance of a huge bowl-shaped depression in the earth. The burrow, formed of the earth taken out, extended for a distance of some twenty feet all round the depression, and on this burrow, with smaller trees around it, was an enormous hemlock tree on one side of the pit, and an equally huge black birch on the other. This birch, on being cut down, showed wood rings to the number of nearly two hundred, thus indicating a great number of years since the pit was abandoned. The pit was evidently filled and emptied on successive occasions with copper obtained from other sources than that of the conglomerate lode; for the character of this lode, on which the Calumet & Hecla mine has its principal workings, is that of extreme hardness, and it is doubtful if the primitive implements of the ancient miners could have made any impression on it. Moreover, the copper in the conglomerate rock is mostly in small particles, and thus valueless to those who were searching for the larger pieces, such as are found in the softer rock of the fissure-veins and the amygdaloid lodes.

Therefore it is absolutely certain that this pit was used for the storage of copper from some foreign source, most probably the workings on Isle Royale.

When the pit was opened, it showed a covering of earth nearly four feet in thickness, well laid, and free from stones or rock. Under this was a vast deposit of green carbonate of copper, nearly twenty tons of which was taken out and sent to the smelting-works at Hancock, fourteen miles away. Thus the Calumet stockholders of 1865 reaped the benefit of the labors of the ancient miners centuries before. Everything found in the pit tended to show that it had been partially filled with pieces of native copper for storage purposes. There was not found a single tool or implement of any kind, such as were employed by the ancient miners in the extraction of copper from the rock, or such as were invariably found in all the ancient workings by explorers in the counties of Keweenaw, Houghton, Ontonagon, and on Isle Royale. The men who took out the carbonate of copper found oblong birch baskets, used for carrying the copper to the

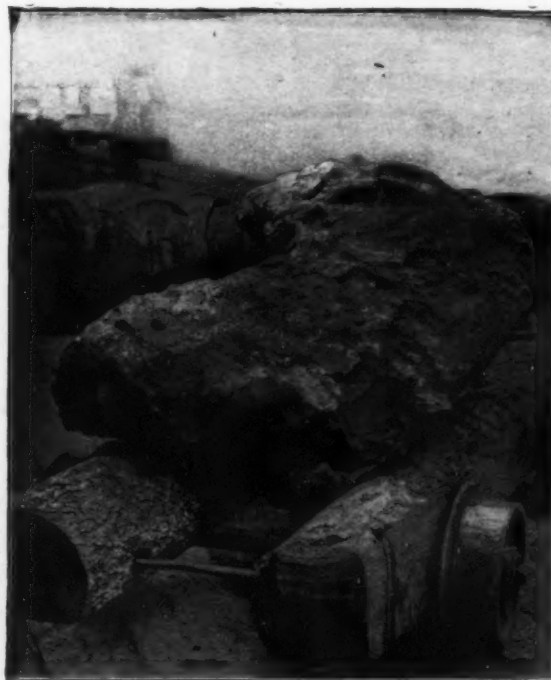
pit; skeins of narrow, flat threads of spruce roots used for binding the bark to the bale of the basket; sheets of birch-bark, used for repairs; and pieces of tanned deerskin for mending or making moccasins. These articles were all in a fair state of preservation, due to the carbonate of copper. Centuries of time must have elapsed to have changed the native copper, which the miners placed in the pit, into the carbonate form. No better proof can be offered of the great antiquity of the working of these ancient miners than that presented by the opening of this ancient storage-pit, showing the changing of this great deposit from native copper to the green carbonate. Probably more than two hundred of the pits and workings of the ancient miners were opened by explorers from 1843 to 1890, but in the history of the copper country this pit stands unique. With the exception of the small deposit found at the Winthrop mine in 1852, nothing like it had been discovered before, and nothing since.

The route taken by the ancient miners to their workings in what is now Ontonagon County, was doubtless through Portage Lake, thence by a small stream connecting Portage Lake with Lake Superior. This stream was obliterated when the present ship canal, one hundred feet wide and two and one-quarter miles in length, was cut through in the years 1866 to 1873. At the western end of this canal is a high, sandy bluff, now mostly covered with a sparse growth of trees of small size. That this location was occupied as an intermediary camping-place there is not much doubt, for when the canal was cut through this bluff, large numbers of copper tools, axes, spears, and arrow-heads were found. It may be that here was the working-place of the ancients in the manufacture of tools, etc., from the copper found on the Ontonagon Range; for the long, gently-sloping ground toward the east, and the waters in Portage Lake, would make an ideal camp—sheltered as it would be from the western winds blowing across Lake Superior.

What calamity befell the ancient miners, who can tell? That they left the country at the close of one season, expecting to return at the opening of the next, is reasonably certain. The pits, the charcoal, the stone hammers, the implements and tools of copper, are the only relics left of the race which discovered and worked the Lake Superior mines. Not the vestige of a dwelling, a skeleton, or a bone has been found. From the earliest acquaintance of the white man with the Indians inhabiting the copper country, not a tradition or legend is extant of these ancient miners; for the Indians themselves had no knowledge of the existence of copper, save as they found the pieces of float-copper on the surface.

When we consider the extent of country over which this mining-work extended, and the slow and crude process of labor, and the immense amount of work done, we are forced to believe that the time thus spent extended through many, many years of time, and was carried on by vast numbers of people who were as active and as enterprising in

their way as those who, centuries later, have made the copper country of Lake Superior the wonder of the world.



THIS MASS OF COPPER WAS FOUND AT THE MINONG MINE EXPLORATIONS ON ISLE ROYALE THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO—IT BEARS THE MARK OF PREHISTORIC TOOLS.

RICHES OF CAPE NOME GOLD-FIELDS.

/// BY DR. CALEB WHITEHEAD. ///

In view of the fact that so many conflicting reports have been circulated respecting the Cape Nome gold-fields, the following statements from an unquestioned authority will be read with interest. They are made by Dr. Caleb Whitehead, the special commissioner who was sent by the United States Government to Alaska to examine the gold deposits of the Seward Peninsula. He has just returned to Washington, and is now engaged upon the compilation of his official report. It will be the most important document on Cape Nome ever made public, from a scientific view point, and it will be accepted as final by the United States in basing estimates of future productions of gold.

Doctor Whitehead is the assayer to the American Mint Bureau. He is recognized all over the world as a metallurgist of the highest class. As an indication of his professional reputation, it may be necessary only to recall the fact that he was recently offered, and refused, \$20,000 a year to join the Turkish Government as metallurgical adviser. It can be seen, therefore, that his judgment on the Cape Nome District, formed after a summer spent on the ground, is of the highest value.

In a recent interview with a correspondent of the Seattle (Wash.) Times, Doctor Whitehead gave an inkling of what his report will be. Contrary to the rumors that had been circulated broadcast by gold-hunters who came back discouraged after a day or so spent upon the beach at Nome, Doctor Whitehead asserts that the value of the new finds has scarcely been dreamed of. "Despite all evil reports to the contrary," he says, "the Cape Nome gold-fields are the most wonderfully rich placer diggings known today. Cape Nome offers the most brilliant field of which I know, for practical men who are willing to work. The unprospected diggings in the hills back of the beach will yield millions upon millions of dollars to the hardy men who are willing to work. Here is a sample of what has been and what will be done: Soon after I reached Nome last summer four men were landed upon the beach with nothing but a grub-stake and a rocker. That was on July 4. Instead of loitering around the city in an effort to pick up bank notes off the tundra, they struck out for the unprospected country and located some ground. They came back to Nome during the latter part of September with \$20,000 in gold that they had washed out with their little rocker. To my knowledge they refused an offer of

\$100,000 cash for their ground. They couldn't afford to take it.

"That was exceptional, but it will not be exceptional when

men learn to strike out for themselves and prospect fresh territory. Practical miners will continue to grow rich at a pace never equaled since the days of 1849.

"When I say practical miners," continued the doctor, "I do not mean merely men who have spent a lifetime in gold hunting. I mean, first of all, men who will work. If I were a farm boy of the States who had decided upon trying my fortune in Alaska, I should get as good an outfit as possible, and then go to Nome with the view of spending a while in mining under the direction of some man who knew the business. Then, when I had learned how gold is found and how it is washed out, I should strike out for myself. There are millions of acres of auriferous land back of Nome on which no white man has ever trod. Millions of dollars will be taken out of it. With the training he had acquired in working under the direction of some older miner, the young man from the farm would have a fair field in striking it rich in these new districts. If he has reasonable luck, he ought to clear up \$5,000 or \$6,000 in a couple of seasons.

"But let me tell you now, just as emphatically as I can say it, that Cape Nome is no place for a lazy man. It is work merely to keep alive in the tundra back of the beach. If you want to realize what life there means, get a pair of rubber boots and go to wading around in the nearest stream where the water will reach almost to your hips. The 'sour-doughs,' the old miners who have spent a winter in the country, do not speak of prospecting. They call it 'mushing,' and the name fits the thought. You 'mush' for miles through bogs in order to reach the streams where gold may lie, and then you 'mush' around in the middle of the creek in search of pay dirt. It is work, every bit of it, but it has resulted in making some colossal fortunes, and it will make more.

"Nome as yet is hardly scratched," he continued. "About \$5,000,000 was produced this season. Twice that much will come out next year. The production will steadily increase for three or four years, when it will probably reach its maximum. But the whole of the Nome diggings will not be worked out for ten or fifteen years. This may be depended on.



A CHARMING BIT OF ALASKAN SCENERY IN SUMMER-TIME.

"There are thousands of creeks, as yet unprospected, that will join in the production. There is gold everywhere throughout

the country. If the Seward Peninsula, about 100 by 150 miles in size, on which Nome is situated, could be sluiced as sluicing is conducted in California, I believe that the whole of it would pay profits.

"Now as to the origin of the fabulous gold deposit: It evidently came at one time from quartz-lodes, for we occasionally get a little placer gold there with quartz still attached to it. But the lodes were cut away by the process of erosion centuries ago, and no trace of them now remains. I doubt very much whether quartz-mining will ever be carried on at a profit there. Many people believe that where placer gold is found, the 'mother lode' from which it came lies close at hand. That is a mistake. No one has ever yet found the lodes from which the placer gold in Southern Idaho or at Helena, Mont., came. The same fruitless search will probably be carried on at Nome by green miners of more ambition than experience. But it is not important to learn where the lodes that originally carried the gold were. The problem now is to find what became of the gold after it was carried away by erosion. It seems settled that the little creeks—Anvil and Glazier, and the others from which the gold thus far has been taken—did not carry away the metal from the lodes in which it originally existed. No; I believe that the gold was originally washed down by two ancient streams running at right angles to the present creeks. The channels of those rivers are still evident. It is in them that the great reserve of placer gold now lies, buried down beneath the soil deposited in the course of ages. The little creeks from which the gold at Nome has been taken crossed the old channels, and have washed the precious metal down towards the sea. The question for the economic geologist is to open up the old channels and thus get at the placer reserve. The little tests that have been made along the channels show that the metal is there.

"Nome, however, is no place to go with the view of working for wages. The pay for laborers next season in the mines will probably be five dollars a day and board; but the mines are simply operated from July 1 to November 1, which is the only time of the year that the weather will permit of washing. Thus the laborer would make \$600 during the season. But if he were to go, say, from Washington and return again, his transportation and outfit would cost at least \$350. That would give him at the outside a profit of \$250 for the season's work. The time and trouble are worth more than that.

"It is a curious population in the district. All are there merely to get a fortune, and they expect to make it in two years. I do not know a man in Nome who expects to be there two years hence. Conditions of life, however, are not so severe in the little city. One can get good hotel accommodations. The winters are cold—the thermometer reaches from fifty to sixty degrees below zero; but there is seldom more than two or three feet of snow, and the people manage to keep comfortable.

"The mining laws ought to be amended. Claims, which are twenty acres in size, are much too large. Then, too, a man can hold one for a season without doing any work whatever. Men in Nome have staked 500 claims and have held them merely on speculation, without turning a hand to develop them. That should not be allowed.

"With all its fabulous wealth, Nome will continue to be a poor-man's camp, for the deposits are so shallow and the pay-dirt can be worked so quickly and so easily that it will hardly pay to build the expensive flumes and plants that mark placer mining in California.

"Besides that, miners do not care to sell their claims at a price that capitalists are willing to pay. A successful miner will calculate, say, that there is half a million dollars of gold in his ground, and that it can be extracted in two years at a cost of, say, \$100,000. He sees that he practically has \$400,000 cash on hand, and he is unwilling to sell his claim at a smaller figure. So there is little opening in Nome for capital. But on that very account, coupled with the marvelous richness of the country, it offers the greatest opportunity of which I know for miners who know how to work.

"The rush to Nome last summer was an amazing thing. In three weeks 20,000 people from all over the universe were dumped upon the beach. Four thousand fresh arrivals came in a single day. Most of them expected to commence work

upon the seashore, and dig out wealth at once. Of course they were sadly disappointed. The gold in the beach-sands was merely the amount that had been washed down by the creeks. A million and a half in fine gold was taken from the sands early in the history of the camp, and that exhausted the total supply in the beach at Nome. The chechakos—the tenderfeet—put a shovel or so in the beach, found nothing, and came back by the next steamer in disgust. Those who remained and prospected, made money. Those who continue to prospect will make more money. The development of Nome has just commenced. I look for the district to support 30,000 people next summer. That is more than were there even at the height of the boom during any time in the past season.

"But the country just around Nome is not the only district in which gold lies. The yellow metal is found all over Alaska. It is embedded in the frozen gravel even north of the Arctic circle. No one knows yet how many millions of dollars will be found in the new Territory."

A BATTLE ROYAL BETWEEN BEASTS.

Two men who have just returned from a hunting-trip up the North Fork of Kettle River in British Columbia, tell of witnessing an unusual battle, the participants being a large buck and a cougar. Their attention was attracted to the scene at the moment when the cougar launched himself upon the buck from the limb of a tree. He landed squarely upon the buck's shoulders, almost throwing him to the ground. The deer recovered instantly, however, and a battle royal commenced, such as has seldom been seen by mortal eyes. Throwing his head back, the buck drove two prongs of his antlers into the cougar's body, and then, with a swing forward, threw him to the ground. Leaping backward, he waited with lowered head for a second attack.

The hunters ran forward until they were within thirty feet of the combatants, but so intent were they in settling their feud, that they paid no attention to the intruders. The buck had not long to wait for a renewal of the contest, for, with a roar of pain and rage, the cougar sprang again upon him.

As well might he have leaped against an array of bayonets, for he was deftly caught on the buck's antlers, and hurled high in the air. When he struck the ground the buck was upon him, striking savagely with his fore feet, which cut like knife-blades, and driving his antlers again and again into his body.

Finally they separated, but only for a second, for the cougar, by this time blinded with blood, and almost disemboweled, crawled forward for the final death struggle. This time, however, the hunters interfered and shot the cougar through the heart. The buck walked up to him, struck him a few times with his feet, and then, after sniffing at him and satisfying himself that he was dead, slowly withdrew.

The hunters, with that sense of rough justice which prevails in the hills, suffered the buck to escape unmolested by them, agreeing that an animal which could put up such a fight had earned the right to live. The cougar was skinned and the hide was brought to Grand Forks. It measured eight feet three inches from tip to tip, but was so badly torn by the buck's antlers and feet that it was useless for mounting, and the only use to which it was put was to secure the \$7.50 bounty which the government pays for the death of these animals. The hunters cared little for this, however, avowing that to have witnessed a battle royal of that nature was worth far more to them than the paltry gold they might have received for a perfect pelt.

RECOMPENSE.

Do not worry, heart of mine,
There is rain as well as shine
In this strange old world of ours.
There are tears as well as smiles,
But the sunny afterwhiles
Shall be sweeter for the showers.
There are crosses, there are bars,
But the nights are crowned with stars,
And the days are gemmed with flowers.

J. A. EDGERTON.

Denver, Colo.



HIGH LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

Sam Hutchinson, the noted stockman of Crab Creek, was the drawing-card on the depot promenade on a recent afternoon, states the Yakima (Wash.) *Herald*. The large throng gazed on one of the tallest men in the world. Sam measures seven feet six inches in his stocking-feet. He used to be town marshal of Ritzville at one time, and got mad because some wag, on a public occasion, placarded his back with the sign, "One of the results of irrigation."

Another story told of him is that he walked into a circus once, and, standing alongside of the professional giant, made him look so small that he immediately quit the business.

OREGON'S ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE.

A strange story was told in an Eastern paper recently of Oregon's eccentric millionaire, David Robbins, who prefers to live in a shepherd's hut on one of his own ranches, and who consults his own comfort in the matter of dress by wearing overalls, a flannel shirt, cowhide boots, and a soft hat.

And to think, says the Athena (Ore.) *Press*, that this man, if he wished, could have all the luxuries and enjoyments of life in New York! He might live in a brown-stone house, with the front windows commanding a view of a similar house across the street, and a view of the back yard from his rear windows. He might wear a dress-suit, patent-leather shoes, and a high collar at dinner every day, in the presence of a butler similarly attired. He might go into society and listen while people whom he doesn't like talk about things in which he takes no interest; and when he had exhausted this round of winter pleasures in the city he might repeat them in the country in the summer.

Poor, misguided, hopeless Dave Robbins of Oregon! He probably sits down to dinner in his shirt-sleeves, helps himself to plain food of his own choosing, drinks his coffee out of his saucer, and is wholly unconcerned as to whether his boots are muddy or not. And the strangest part of the whole story is that Mr. Robbins never thinks of taking to nervous prostration, appendicitis, or any other fashionable complaint, and may even have the effrontery to enjoy life and pretend that he is happy.

A MONTANA CHARACTER.

James George, familiarly known all over Eastern Montana as "Yankee Jim," spent a few days with Bozeman relatives and old-time friends recently. "Yankee Jim" is an old pioneer, the *Avant Courier* of Bozeman says, having come to what is now Montana as early as 1863. He is also a pioneer of the Upper Yellowstone, where, at a very early day, he constructed a toll-road and built a "stopping-place" or way station for the accommodation of prospectors, hunters, trappers, and early-day tourists to the Wonderland of the great West. Besides being a thoroughly Western man and typical pioneer, Jim is a pretty good single-handed talker, and can entertain a crowd of unsophisticated "pilgrims" a little better than any other confirmed bachelor in the Rocky Mountains.

Jim went East as far as Vermont, a few years ago, in order to visit relatives, old-time acquaintances, and to glance once more over the grass-covered vales and green mountains of his boyhood days. But as he failed to impress any of the natives with the entire truthfulness of his numerous fish and bear stories, his remarkable hunting experiences, his hair-breadth escapes

from the bullets and scalping-knives of the treacherous Indians, or even to take much stock in the indescribable wonders of the Yellowstone National Park, he soon left in disgust and returned to his old-time haunts in the Rocky Mountains, where he seldom fails to find an appreciative audience—most of them being pretty fair originators and tellers of fairy stories themselves.

"Yankee Jim" is a real good, kind-hearted man, all the same. His latchstring is always out to all comers, and he never sends a weary wayfarer hungry or thirsty to bed, whether he happens to be "flush" or "dead-broke." He has a grand, romantic home, one of the beauty spots in Yellowstone Canyon, and it is a perfect fisherman's paradise, the river at that point being abundantly supplied with fine mountain trout, ranging from one to six pounds each—"Jim" would say ten, but neither he nor the fish have scales.

COOL CAMPING.

Four families of Columbian Indians, comprising men, women, children, and infants, are camping on the rolling hillside near town, chronicles the Heppner (Ore.) *Gazette*.

It is Wild Bill's outfit returning from the fall hunt in Stein's Mountains, 300 miles away, and their packs are well filled with dried elk and venison. Bill is a son of Blind Jim, who was here before Columbus came, and is hereditary boss of the Columbia Indians.

The outfit has 100 head of horses, and might have made a straight shoot down Rock Creek, but prefers to come across this way and do some trading with Heppner merchants. No wild flowers beautify their lodges, and only snow and rocks bedeck their lawns.

The air is chill and piercing, and there isn't a sleepy-hollow easy-chair or a piano among them; but what do they care for a few inconveniences when they have the blessed privilege of being free Americans, not tied down on a reservation or at the beck and call of an agent?

The stars shine down through the open top of the main lodge, and the papoose at its mother's breast can look up and count them and wish for daylight and sunshine and warmth.

Kosciuska's idea of freedom was nothing as compared to theirs. He was willing to die, while they are willing to shiver around and freeze in wet, soggy moccasins for any length of time until a chinook comes.

They would never buy cordwood, of course, for the Great Father made the trees grow for all the people; so they bite off a few labels from oyster-cans, pile on their a-few splinters from their lodge-poles, make a few fires in their wickiups, and huddle over them, and the fire keeps Ingin warm, and Ingin keeps fire warm, and the chinook will come by-and-by, and then no fire will be needed. The white man would pile on all the lodge-poles in camp, and make a fire so hot he couldn't get near it.

Sometimes in winter weather, perhaps, the Columbia Indian murmurs to himself:

"O, liberty, what misery is endured in thy name!"

A LITTLE OUT OF PRACTICE.

It is surprising the conceit some men have! Men who have never been in a mine will often hire themselves out as able miners. Over at Granite Mountain, in Montana, some time ago, according to the New Denver (B. C.) *Ledge*, the mine was besieged with all sorts of men looking for work. One of them, a sheep-herder, was given a job to drive single-handed in the breast of a tunnel. Behind him, a few feet, was an old miner commencing an upraise. Turning to the miner, he asked what he should do. The miner kindly showed the herder how to hold the drill, and told him to keep pounding. Along about shooting-time he had driven a hole some four inches deep. The miner loaded his hole in the upraise, and the herder remarked that, being out of practice, he would like a little assistance and advice. The miner gave him a half a stick of powder, with instructions to shove the fuse into the powder, then to tamp it in the hole, and to let the fuse hang down the face of the tunnel, with the cap on the end of it. Then he was instructed to stand back a few paces, close to a manhole leading to the

lower levels, and to throw country rock until he hit the cap and exploded the shot.

The miner did not fire the shot in the upraise, but slipped below and put the boss on to the new man, "who was just a little out of practice." When the boss stepped up the ladder he found that the herder had warmed up to his work so much that he had taken off his shirt and was pitching rocks at the breast like a man suffering from hard work. The superintendent said:

"Hello, partner! What are you doing?"

"I may be a little out of practice," said the new man, as he fired a ten-pound rock at the breast, "but, by jabbers, I will get there just the same."

The boss, not having any sympathy with new inventions for

young men in the seat behind made obvious but inaudible comments.

Once more the car stopped. A feeble old woman, who could hardly lift herself to the car floor, got on; stumbled against the market-woman, who sat stolidly indifferent; dragged herself past the woman and baby, and was only relieved of further painful effort by the strange act of the first-named passenger. He slid along into the far end of the seat, while the old woman sank into the place he had occupied.

By this time half the people on the car were looking at him. He grew red, painfully conscious, but sat still, determined to face it out.

Near the foot of the street, when nearly all had left, he called the conductor:



AN ALMOST TROPICAL PICTURE MADE BY YOUNG PINE ON AN ISLAND IN CASS LAKE, MINN. [By Courtesy of Gen. C. C. Andrews.]

firing holes, discharged the herder, and he is probably still somewhere in Montana complaining that a good miner, when a little out of practice, has no show there. Similar outrages have occurred in Kootenay.

WHERE THEY KEEP HOGS PENNED.

He climbed into the trolley car and sat down at the outer end of an empty seat. A few blocks farther on a stout woman with a basket full of stuff tried to get on. He helped her put the basket under the seat, and sat along to the middle, letting her have the end place.

Passengers on the other seats bent curious glances upon him.

At the next stop a young woman with a baby wanted to get in. The other seats were full. At the risk of life, limb, and baby, she swung herself up the step by one hand, squeezed past the market-woman's portly form, knocking off the hats from the row of people in the seat ahead and was about to worm her way past the first-named passenger, when he surprised her by sliding along. She gave him a mistrustful "Thank you," while

"What was wrong with me back there, to make everybody stare and whisper so?"

The conductor was a mannerly man.

"Oh, nuthin' much," he said. "But I guess you're from the country all right, ain't you?"

"Yes," said the stranger; "from away back in the country; never rode on cars like these before."

"I thought not," said the conductor. "Never mind, you'll know better another time. I'll just give you a pointer. When you get into an open car, always sit at the first end. Keep the outside seat. It isn't quite so comfortable as it is to move along, but it's town manners. Make everybody else climb over you—big and little, old women and babies—everybody. They're used to it. But never on any account move along to accommodate anybody in a street-car."

"I think," said the stranger softly, as he hastened off to his train, "that I'll stay on the old farm. We have plenty of hogs there, but we keep 'em penned and don't have to associate with them." And the conductor scratched his head and grinned.

SHAKESPEARE IN ROCKY GULCH.

BY
COLIN
KIRKWOOD
CROSS.

A theatrical company had given three performances in Coyote Bar, playing Othello on the last night. A number of Rocky Gulch men were present, and when the troupe arrived in the Gulch and billed Othello as the first play to be put upon the boards, there was quite a commotion among the citizens. A crowd gathered in the Red Rock saloon, and after the play had been reviewed in detail by those who had witnessed it, a committee was appointed to call on the manager and suggest some slight changes in the programme. They had only to step into the billiard annex, which was cleared of its tables and fitted up with a stage. The manager, who was superintending some scenic arrangements, received the committee courteously, and stood waiting for them to announce the object of their visit.

"We've come," said Jeff Witherill, "to see about havin' your play remodeled some tonight. The boys c'nsider some parts of it to be a good deal objectionable."

"Maybe we'd oughter talk to the feller which writ the play, if he's here," suggested Dick Dawson, before the manager could reply to Jeff's words.

"He ain't," said Jeff. "He's ben dead for some time, onless I'm mistook in the party which is responsible for this yere immoral drama."

"What is it that you object to, gentlemen?" the manager inquired.

"Why, the boys don't really like none of it, except where the nigger kills the dago an' knifes himself," Jeff replied; "but if you'll fix it over some we'll all come to see it, an' there won't be no disturbance."

"You haven't informed me what it is that you criticise so severely," said the manager, coldly.

"It's just as Jeff says," rejoined Dick Dawson; "there ain't nothin' edifyin' about it from start to finish, because the nigger's so dead stuck on himself that he makes people tired. But, as Jeff also remarked, we'll put up with his fool talk so long as he behaves himself and don't make no bad breaks."

"What do you mean, sir, by bad breaks?" the manager asked, curtly.

"What do I mean!" retorted Dick. "I mean where he jabs the piller into that female's face an' shuts her wind off. Coyote Bar may stand sech work, but you'll have to play the game a heap diffrent here."

"You talk as if what took place on the stage was all real," said the manager, a little contemptuously.

"No, I don't," said Dick. "I know it's all a fake, just as well as you do; but the principle's the same, an' it's a insult to this c'mmunity to think it'll stand by an' see a female maltreated, let alone doin' her to a finish. An' that other pirut, with the dago name, which plugs the nigger up to do the smotherin' act, an' kills his own wife, too, has also got to r'member he ain't in Coyote Bar."

"Gentlemen," said the manager, "it would be impossible to leave out the business which you object to. There would be no play left."

"What do you mean by impossible?" asked Arizona Dave. "Do you mean to tell us that the nigger an' the dago has to kill their women, an' we have to set still and see it did? I want to tell you, right now, that if them females is molested or annoyed any, from the time you open up till the end of the walk-around, you'll find out what kind o' people we are very shortly."

"You're talking very unreasonably," said the manager, beginning to lose his temper. "The whole plot hinges on the scene where Othello smothers Desdemona."

"There won't nothin' hinge on it much tonight," remarked Mojave Green; "because he won't smother her none to speak of in this camp. I s'pose you reckoned we was some oncivilized out this way, an' when Coyote Bar didn't call you down, you

felt shore of it. I'm a-tellin' you, though, that to play the hand safe you'd better be jest as careful about what you do on the stage as you would if you was way back East."

"It's entirely out of the question to butcher the play as you suggest," said the manager. "It would simply make a farce of a tragedy. However, since you're all so opposed to it, we'll put something else on tonight, instead of Othello."

"No, you won't," said Arizona Dave; "you'll play what you agreed to, an' play it decent, without misusin' the females or offerin' 'em any disrespect whatever. We're a-goin' to show Coyote Bar what nice people the nigger an' the dago can be, when they have somebody to make 'em behave."

"Very well," replied the manager; "you can have Othello, but we shall play it as it is, and not as you would make it."

"You never was so much mistook in your life, pardner," said Jeff Witherill; "but, as a matter of form, we'll report what you say to the boys."

Without any more words, the committee returned to the barroom, while the manager went on with his preparations for the evening's entertainment. Jeff Witherill announced the official ultimatum to the expectant crowd.

"We seen the boss o' the show," he said, "an' stated the case to him fair and courteous, but he's c'nsider'ble stuck on havin' things his own way, an' we couldn't veer him 'round a point. Consekently, he allows that the nigger an' the dago is a-goin' to slaughter the females jest like they did in Coyote Bar."

"If he should be left in shape to do any reflectin' after the show's over with, prob'ly he'll notice where he erred some in his calcalations," observed Bill Adams.

"I've ben thinkin' of another way to play the hand," said Dick Dawson. "Now, if we was to let the nigger an' the dago git their work in without interferin', an' then have 'em lynched at the wind-up, jest before the curtain goes down, it would have a good moral effect, an' show Coyote Bar that wrong-doers don't prosper long over this way."

"I should think that would be satisfact'ry, purvidin' they let us superintend the hangin' an' see that it's played natur'l," remarked Arizona Dave.

"It's a good, fair proposition," said Jeff Witherill, "an' likewise shows a disposition on our part to be a good deal yieldin' an' willin' to have things go most any way for the sake of peace an' harmony. Therefore, if the boss barn-stormer balks at this like he did at the other suggestion, it'll show plain that he's a-pinin' for warfare, an' we'll know just how to play the hand."

It was agreed by all present that if the management did not consent to this alternative it would clearly evidence its unwillingness to concede anything to public opinion; and having thus used their utmost endeavor to secure a peaceful solution of the vexed question, they would be pre-eminently justified in taking matters into their own hands. The committee then returned to the billiard annex, and again addressed themselves to the manager.

"We've talked it over," said Jeff, "an' the boys is disposed to do anything which is anywhere near reas'nable, for the sake of havin' pleasant feelin' all round. Consekently we withdraw our former suggestion, an' express willingness to let the nigger an' the dago kill the women accordin' to programme."

"I'm glad you've come to a sensible conclusion," observed the manager.

"We've come to a sensible c'nclusion all right, but I ain't done talkin' yet," said Jeff. "This yere c'ncession on our part is made only on c'ndition that the nigger an' the dago is hung in full view of the audience right on the last turn, it bein' understood that this ceremony ain't to be prolonged sufficient to injure 'em serious."

"Such a thing is not to be thought of for a moment," declared the manager.

"Why ain't it to be thought of?" asked Dick Dawson. "Here we've been a-puttin' ourselves out an' doin' all we could to make things run smooth, an' you act like you was a-yearnin' for strife, an' bound to buck ag'in' whatever we propose. We ain't askin' for nothin' onreas'nable, an' we've offered to let you arrange the cards either one of two diffrent ways, each of which is fair an' right; whereas you don't want to shift a single turn to please us, an' you reckon you're a-goin' to have things all your

own way. I should think you'd git tired of playin' the same old thing over an' over, an' like to have it changed about an' freshened up some."

"It's really no use for you to waste your time and mine any longer, gentlemen," said the manager, decidedly. "What you now propose is, if possible, more absurd than your previous suggestion, and I tell you again, most emphatically, if Othello is played tonight it will be as Shakespeare wrote it."

"You mean you think it'll be played that way," said Arizona Dave. "Now, on the other hand, we think it won't; so, you see, our ideas clashes some, an' it remains to be seen which of us is in error. If you reckon we're a-goin' to stay any inactive whilst you're tryin' to make your statement good, prob'ly you'll be c'nsider'ble startled about then, an' at the same time observe a dissim'larity between this camp an' Coyote Bar. We've made a lib'ral offer in agreein' to set still an' witness the demoralizin' spectacle which you seem to approve of so high, an' you ain't even willin' to call the nigger an' dago down after the two pore women is dead an' gone. Now, if you'll string 'em up as we prepose, ev'rythin' 'll go off like clockwork. You needn't be any afraid. I'll supervise the hangin', an' jest as soon as their eyes begins to bug out I'll give the word an' you can drop the curtain an' cut 'em down. They won't be hurt none, unless some feller forgits himself an' takes a shot at 'em whilst they're in the air, an' that ain't noways likely to happen, for I'll tell the boys to be shore an' r'member that it's only a fake play."

The manager looked restless and annoyed, but made no reply to Dave's speech; so Jeff Witherill addressed him:

"Pardner," he said, "if you was any familiar with how things work in this yere camp, you'd know that you're a-takin' a stand which you'll find it some hard to maintain. If you was to take my advice, which I know you won't, you'd begin a-rehearsin' Othello like you'll find he'll reely play his hand this ev'nin'. That is, purvided he knows enough to see when he's bang up agin a stone wall—which, if he don't, the p'formance will terminate abrupt just when he tries to make his bluff good."

The manager turned away impatiently, and the committee retired for the second time. They reported the result of their last conference, and everybody felt that it was useless to argue the point any further.

Towards night a large delegation arrived from Coyote Bar, and, as the time approached for the performance to begin, the repressed excitement with which Rocky Gulch looked forward to the rising of the curtain was intense.

The moment that the doors of the improvised theater were thrown open the crowd poured in as fast as the tickets could be taken, and when the curtain rose the hall was packed. The ominous silence which prevailed throughout the first part of the performance told the Coyote Bar men that a crisis of some kind was impending; and the manager, who took the part of Othello, did not appear quite easy in his mind.

At last the time came when, after venting his fatal jealousy in dark soliloquy, the dusky Moor takes the pillow from the couch and holds it over Desdemona as she sleeps. As the moment arrived for him to press it down upon her face, he seemed rather nervous, and glanced at Dick Dawson and Arizona Dave, who stood on the main floor at the corners of the stage. Then he raised the pillow, and it was about to descend when two

pistol-shots rang out, and two little puffs of down told where the bullets had struck within an inch of either hand. He dropped the pillow instantly, and, turning, saw that Dick and Dave each held a smoking pistol in his hand.

"My God, men!" he cried, with a white face; "do you want to murder me?"

"We shorely don't unless we have to," replied Dave.

As the shots were fired, Desdemona rose to her elbow uttering a cry of alarm, but Dick spoke to her reassuringly:

"Lie still, mum," he said, "an' you won't be in no danger. The boys has been instructed not to shoot purmisc'us whilst you're on the stage, an' me an' Dave 'll attend to the nigger."

The manager could not doubt that the bullets which had come so near to maiming him were fired only as a warning, and he saw at once that it would be madness to persist in defying these men. Having reached this conclusion, he resolved to accept the situation and go on with the performance as best he could. He bowed to the audience in token of his readiness to do their will,

and then turned to the couch where the frightened woman lay.

"Desdemona," he said, "I prithee go you hence and while away your time upon the balcony, for I must mind me what 'twere best to do, and shape my course anew in this emergency. Nor shall you look with dread unto my coming, for now a goodly company of men at arms stands at your beck, and woe betide me if I should discomfort you."

At this graceful acknowledgment of his defeat the audience went wild with delight and shouted itself hoarse, while the best that the bar afforded was hurriedly sent behind the scenes in unlimited quantities. The company all took a sensible view of the matter, and the refreshments tendered so freely soon put them in so good a humor that they enjoyed the ensuing farce almost as much as did the patrons. All stage rules were suspended, and each actor played his part to suit himself. They guyed each

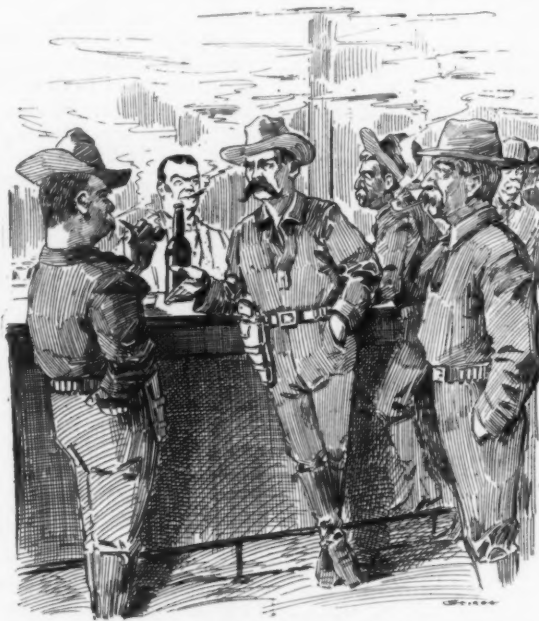
other at will, and any old gag was good enough to fill in with when there was a break.

Rocky Gulch was jubilant and triumphant, but the men from Coyote Bar looked decidedly uncomfortable. They saw that their rivals had stolen a march on them, and they were forced to sit in silence and witness the culmination of their victory. Finally Othello and Iago introduced a little improvisation into the medley, which raised Rocky Gulch to the seventh heaven of delight, and had a very depressing effect upon the party from Coyote Bar.

"Othello," said Iago, "mark you how great a change these men of Rocky Gulch have wrought in you and me?"

"Ay," replied Othello; "forsooth, a change so great that those who knew Othello and Iago best would pass us by with vacant stare. And yet 'tis but a day since, in Coyote Bar, we both did foully murder those whom we had sworn before high heaven to cherish and protect, and no man bade us stay our hand. But here it were not safe, I ween, to do so much as gently chide them, e'en though they leave us buttonless from ruff to sock, whilst gadding to and fro from bargain-sale to matinee, and thence to early tea and twilight strolls with whatsoever gallant they may please to smile upon."

Rocky Gulch controlled his enthusiasm until Othello had concluded his speech, and then pandemonium reigned.



"Played like it was tonight," said Dick Dawson, "Othello is a elevatin' an' instructive drama, an' likewise cheerful; but to sit an' see it did as it was in Coyote Bar is calculated to have a degradin' an' demoralizin' effect onto anybody."

When, after some minutes, there was a lull in the tumult, the ceiling was so full of bullet-holes that it looked like a pepper-box, and the actors were still gathering up the shower of gold and silver which had been thrown upon the stage. The Coyote Bar men had remained silent throughout it all, and looked very pensive.

After Othello's tribute to Rocky Gulch's chivalry, the confusion was so great that nothing which the actors said could be heard ten feet away. By this time the manager was in very high spirits himself, and he concluded the performance in a way that intensified the good feeling now existing between actors and audience. Just before the curtain fell, Othello threw dignity to the winds and danced an exaggerated highland-fling, while Desdemona and Emilia executed a skirt-dance upon each side of him, and the rest of the company performed a wild, erratic can-can to the accompaniment of a stirring Irish-jig, rendered by the full strength of the orchestra.

When the curtain had hidden the antics of the merry crew from view, and the last strains of the inspiring music had died away, everybody made a rush for the saloon,—that is, everybody but the Coyote Bar men. They filed out at a side door, and wended their way homeward in gloomy silence. The strain upon their feelings had already been too great, and they were in no mood to remain and witness the unconfined joy with which Rocky Gulch would celebrate its victory.

After the Rocky Gulch men had all refreshed themselves at the bar, and the happy excitement had subsided a little, they began to discuss the events of the evening.

"Othello an' the Dago turned out to be pretty good people after all, didn't they?" said Arizona Dave.

"Yes," replied Mojave Green; "an' anybody could see that they enjoyed 'emself a heap better the way things went than they would if we'd a' let 'em kill the women, even if they knowed they was goin' to be lynched for it afterwards. If Othello had took us up on the hangin' proposition, there wouldn't a' been near so much hilarity."

"Played like it was tonight," said Dick Dawson, "Othello is a elevatin' an' instructive drama, an' likewise cheerful; but to sit an' see it did as it was in Coyote Bar is calcalated to have a degradin' an' demoralizin' effect onto anybody. Actors natur'ly wants to please the public, an' after seein' how much more satisfaction the play gives when did proper, I shorely shouldn't think this outfit would ever try to do it any other way agin."

"Your ideas is all sound enough," said Jeff Witherill, "an' there ain't no doubt but what anybody would reely feel better after seein' Othello, as you say, did proper. But there's c'nsider'ble diff'rence in audiences, an' 'n some parts o' the country it's more'n likely they'll keep right on playin' it in the old-time way."

STORY OF A COPPER FIND.

The story of the discovery of a marvelous deposit of native copper in Alaska, near the headwaters of White River, a tributary of the Yukon, is told by Col. Frank R. Miles and Capt. A. McLean, who recently returned to Seattle, Wash., from that country. They bring as evidence of the truth of their statements a bag containing thirty pounds of pure copper nuggets, which they claim they dug in the only copper placers they have ever seen.

Their trip, which was full of perils and hardships, was undertaken for the purpose of obtaining information regarding the section of Alaska they explored for a syndicate of wealthy New York and Boston mining men. They are now engaged in writing up an extremely favorable report to be submitted to their employers.

In a Peterboro canoe, with two French Canadians as canoe-men, they started up the White River, from its confluence with the Yukon, July 26. They lined and poled the entire distance against a swift and turbulent current. They passed Ladue Creek July 29, and made the mouth of Snag Creek soon afterward. From this point they could see the Scoloi Pass, to the north. They took the south channel, and in 125 miles had gained 790 feet in altitude. Proceeding, they found the river

cutting an entirely new channel through the woods, taking everything before it. The falling trees, accumulating driftwood, and great landslides gave a weird and terrific aspect to the landscape.

At this point the whole party came near losing everything, including their lives. One man was on shore ahead, with a towline 150 feet long. Rounding a sharp point, the current tore the line from his hands and, with the other three men nearly helpless in it, the canoe was borne down stream at a terrible speed. Miraculously, the towline did not catch on any snag or root. Had it done so, the three men would have been spilled out and placed at the mercy of the torrent. With supreme coolness the boatmen guided the canoe hither and thither around sweepers and log-jams. After a quarter of a mile a slight eddy was gained, and the canoe landed. It took two days' effort to pass beyond this dangerous point.

The journey continued through canyons, rapids, and icy torrents. Finally, about 200 miles from the Yukon, the upper basin of White River was reached.

The camp of the stampedeers of 1898, who went into the Yukon via Copper River, had then been passed; seven abandoned sleds were found in the woods, and the pit for a whipsaw indicated that boats had been built there.

At the upper basin the canoe and outfit were cached, and the party proceeded with packs to a permanent camp, twenty miles farther on. The first night in camp they were greatly surprised by a visit from three Indians, the first and only human beings yet seen. The Indians had but three pounds of moose-meat, a single blanket, a small kettle, and two old-fashioned rifles. They carried bows and arrows, the latter tipped with native copper. Some were spear-shaped for shooting fish, others blunt for ptarmigan.

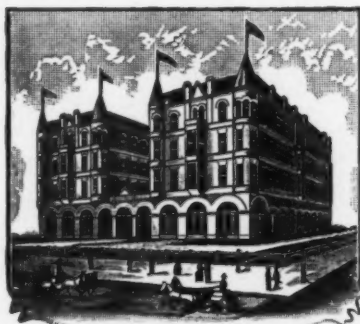
"The Indians could not understand a word of English," said Colonel Miles, "and it took a long time to find out from what direction their copper came. One of them pointed in an easterly direction, and made signs that the distance was two 'sleeps.' By signs he described the topography, and declared that there was 'hiyu' copper. That night five inches of snow fell; so we waited, and fed the Indians three times the next day. We started out the following morning.

"We reached the place after untold hardship, fording icy streams and trudging on with blistered feet, and camped for the night. After breakfast the following morning, the Indians showed us to the placer copper-ground, and picked copper nuggets out of a perpendicular bank twenty-five feet high. Farther up stream, where the bed-rock was exposed, we gathered copper nuggets from its crevices. But soon we came to an immense ledge, beyond which the Indians said we would find no more copper. And such proved to be the case.

"After staking several claims, we returned, and by August 30 were safely back on the Yukon, having made the trip downstream in our canoe in three days."

Miles and McLean describe the country as being the roughest and most broken they have ever seen. They were within ninety miles of Mount St. Elias, but could not see it owing to an intervening mountain range. Mount Wrangle, sixty miles away, they saw plainly. This mountain is known as an active volcano, but they saw no fire or smoke.

About thirty pounds of heavy copper nuggets and a beautiful specimen of peacock copper ore are their souvenirs of the trip. They will go back to their discovery this winter over the ice, with dog-teams, and doubtless more will be heard of their operations next summer. Rich copper deposits are known to exist in various parts of the Territory, and it is merely a question of time, development, and transportation when the copper markets of the world will be reinforced by the large outputs from this northern zone. One of the chief difficulties of the present is the inaccessibility of many of the alleged copper discoveries. They are usually so far in the interior, and so hemmed in by mountains and almost impassable streams, that years must pass before any satisfactory way of reaching them can be devised. Capital and enterprise will find a way, however, and then all this wealth of mineral will be utilized.



THE MONTANA, ANACONDA, MONT.



THE RAVALLI, AT HAMILTON, MONT.



THE BOZEMAN HOTEL, BOZEMAN, MONT.



THE GRANDON HOTEL, HELENA, MONT.



THE HOTEL FLORENCE, MISSOULA, MONT.



*Some Leading
Hotels
in Montana,
"The
Treasure State."*



LEIGHTON HOTEL, MILES CITY, MONT.

AN EXPLORING EXPEDITION IN NORTHERN IDAHO.

BY

COL. W. S. BRACKETT.

PART IV.

The rough and forbidding features of the country between the Salmon and Clearwater rivers, and between the Buffalo Hump and the Bitter Root Range, are relieved in places by little meadows through which flow streams where good grass, plenty of dry wood, and comfortable camping-places are to be found. The everlasting black or "jack"-pine timber, the trees of which grow closely together; the rough, upheaved and broken granite rocks and scanty vegetation make up a gloomy and uninviting land. The timber here is small and of little value; the chiefly desirable thing in the whole country seems to be its mineral wealth. But there are vast areas of good timber on the North and Middle Forks of the Clearwater, entirely different from the small black pines seen by us along the Nez Perce trail. There is, for instance, a great forest of genuine white pine timber on the North Fork of the Clearwater, which will undoubtedly come into the markets of this country when the white pine of Wisconsin and Michigan is exhausted.

The little meadows where our party camped and our tired horses grazed seemed doubly beautiful and restful because of their contrast with the rugged and forbidding country over which we traveled. About sixty miles east of the Buffalo Hump, and up the swift stream, is the great box canyon of the Salmon River. There seems here to be an immense belt of granite running for many miles north and south; and through this granite belt the river has cut its way at right angles, forming a box canyon. No quartz-ledges are to be found in this belt of granite through which the Salmon cuts its way, but many are to be seen cutting the banks of the Salmon on either side below the canyon in various places. On the divide between the Clearwater and the Salmon rivers the quartz-veins are heavily surfaced and not easy to be found, but down toward the Salmon and toward the South Fork of the Clearwater, on either side of the divide, where the country rock is eroded and cut up by gorges and canyons, many quartz-veins are to be found. The future prospector and miner will discover them and test them, and let the world know whether they are rich in gold or not. This whole region lies west of the granite belt above mentioned, and east of the Buffalo Hump. That most of these veins are gold-bearing there can be little doubt, and that some of them are rich in gold is more than probable. It is only by many years of exploration, investigation and prospecting in this rough country that the real value of these mineral belts running through it will become known and definitely ascertained.

The opinion of the oldest and most experienced prospectors and miners who have examined and explored parts of this vast region is "that it is all a gold country." It has been ascertained beyond any reasonable doubt that one great mineral belt of gold-bearing quartz-veins runs north and south for many miles through the Buffalo Hump within the Bitter Root forest reserve. There are other great veins and belts of quartz running generally in a north and south direction, and lying east of the Buffalo Hump belt. The great gold-bearing mineral belt of the Buffalo Hump passes north between the mountain called Pilot Knob and Newsome Creek. West of the Buffalo Hump there seems to be a curious belt of mineral whose veins carry refractory ores, which have thus far disappointed prospectors and miners. Still west of this is what is known as the mineral belt of the Florence District, consisting of quartz-veins running in an east and west direction; these are for the most part rich free-milling ores, carrying gold. The Florence veins are narrow and rich, but are so full of faults and slips that quartz-mining in that district, thus far, has been baffling and unsatisfactory. While the veins are extremely rich, they run so often into faults

that the mining has to be done all over again, or be commenced in a new place. These difficulties will undoubtedly be overcome in the future, and the rich free-gold veins of Florence will then be great producers. It is not to be doubted that these quartz-veins of free-gold in and around Florence are the matrices of the wonderfully rich placers of the old Florence of the early sixties, which were discovered and worked out in that period.

I found that camping out in the Buffalo Hump and Clearwater region was much more trying to horses and men than in the semi-arid region east of the main range of the Rocky Mountains. In Montana, for instance, a man can sleep out of doors in his blankets, without a tent, free from moisture and rains, for nine months in the year. Not so in the Clearwater Country; the heavy dews which fall nightly make it necessary to have tents or other shelter, and bedding must be protected by rubber blankets from the moist ground. I sometimes sleep in blankets, and at other times in a good, stout, canvas sleeping-bag. On the whole, I think I prefer the sleeping-bag to blankets alone. I have found the heavy sleeping-bag, lined with sheepskin or wool, too warm in the Rocky Mountains except in extreme cold weather. I prefer, for ordinary weather in the mountains, a wide sleeping-bag made of heavy brown canvas; inside this bag I insert two pairs of blankets, and find this plenty warm enough for nights—even where there is heavy frost. But, even with a heavy waterproof sleeping-bag, it is uncomfortable and dangerous to sleep on the ground without a tent in Central or Northern Idaho. The subtle dampness penetrates everything, and rheumatism and stiffness of the joints awaits the sleeper in the morning if he is without the shelter of a tent or other covering.

Owing to the extreme roughness of the country, the sharp and jagged rocks on the trail, and the everlasting stepping over fallen timber and logs, my horses, both pack and saddle animals, suffered more severely than on any other exploring or



A BEAUTIFUL SCENE ON THE ST. JOE RIVER, IN NORTHERN IDAHO.

hunting trip I ever made in the Rocky Mountains. They were all "rough shod," as it is called; that is, the shoes were fitted with blunt toe-and-heel calks, which I find to be best adapted for rocky trails; but in case any animal is shod at all, the loss of a single shoe is a serious misfortune. Better pull all the remaining shoes off than permit a horse to travel with three shoes. We were able, when the loss of a shoe occurred, to reset it or to put on an extra one, as several of our men were expert horseshoers, and we carried a small kit of shoes and horse-nails with us. With the greatest care, however, many of our horses



BUFFALO HUMP AS SEEN FROM THE OLD FLORENCE AND DIXIE TRAIL, EIGHT MILES AWAY.

became stiff and lame, and in some cases disabled. Two of our best pack-animals died from exhaustion and exposure, and when we returned from the expedition all our horses were pretty well "bunged up."

The incidents of such a trip in the wilderness which cause the most anxiety and trouble at the time are not those which make very interesting reading; for example, the constant anxiety about the well-being and welfare of horses, keeping them in proper condition, finding good and sufficient grazing for them, and, above all, preventing their straying off and getting lost, are the things uppermost in the minds of men on such a trip. Some horses will stand being picketed out at night with lariats and ropes; other horses will not, and when such cannot be picketed, they must be hobbled. A few horses will stay near camp, or with other horses, without picketing or hobbling at all, especially if some gentle, well-behaved beast is put out to graze with a bell around his neck. But in spite of all precautions, horses will stray off and get lost in the wilderness; and then the whole outfit has to stay in camp—and many hours, and sometimes days, are put in hunting lost horses. Animals are notional, like human beings, and horses may be for days and weeks gentle and tractable, remaining quietly where they are picketed or hobbled, and then, suddenly becoming seized with a desire to wander off, they will keep going for miles, necessitating a protracted and exasperating horse-hunt.

As a rule, when we first went into camp on some beautiful meadow, about sundown, the packs and saddles were quickly removed from our animals, and some of them were put out with hobbles around their forefeet. Among these we usually placed one quiet, well-behaved horse with a bell strapped around his neck; other horses were picketed out to graze, the picket-rope being fastened by a heavy strap around one forefoot, and the other end to a stake driven in the ground. Experience has shown that it is dangerous in the wilderness to picket horses by the head or neck. While grazing, such a horse will almost always get one of his forefeet through the halter on his head, or through the strap or fastening around his neck; and the danger is that in such a case the horse, in his struggles to free himself, will choke to death. One of the horses of my outfit was put out one night, in a very rough country, picketed by a strap around his

neck; he was grazing on a rough hillside, and was put out in this manner by an old-timer in my party, whose experience should have taught him to be forever guiltless of such an absurdity. His action in thus picketing the horse was entirely unknown to me. The horse was on a rocky hillside, with a deep canyon below him. While grazing, he got one forefoot through the strap around his neck, and, struggling to free himself, fell and rolled down into the rocky canyon below. The next morning we found him—dead, choked to death, and covered with gashes and bruises.

The three prime requisites of any camp are water, wood, and grass. In the absence of any one of these, no good camp can be made. Our invariable custom was, on going into camp for the night, to first take care of our horses. This involved looking after the sore backs and feet of pack-animals, and anointing them with salve or grease; then they were put out to graze. At the same time, the condition of the backs and feet and shoes of saddle-animals was carefully looked after. Bedding and tents were then unrolled,

and the tents put up. The bedding, sleeping-bags and blankets were then hauled into the tents, the heavy canvas coverings, called "mantas," which cover the packs, being first spread on the ground, on which to lay blankets or sleeping-bags. The "alforkases," or panniers, containing cooking utensils and other supplies and provisions, were then carried to the camp-fire, where the evening meal was cooked.

Our expedition was supplied with the army rations provided for United States troops in the field; these were supplemented by evaporated vegetables, dried fruits, and a few luxuries which could be conveniently carried on pack-horses. Experience has demonstrated that the army ration is the best basis of food supply for a trip in the wilderness, and is more than a sufficient per diem portion for a man's needs. One army ration is calculated to be food for one man for one day. I give the following table, founded upon that used in the United States army, for use in provisioning a party of men for a hunting or exploring trip in the Rocky Mountains. I have demonstrated by experience that it is correct and sufficient.

Table of 100 rations, or food supply of one man for 100 days:

Bacon,	75 pounds.	Flour,	115 pounds.	Baking Powder,	4 pounds.
Navy Beans,	15 "	Potatoes,	100 "	Onions,	20 "
Tea,	1 "	Sugar,	20 "	Roasted Coffee,	10 "
Salt,	4 "	Pepper,	4 ounces.	Soap,	4 "
Candles,	2 "	Syrup,	2 quarts.	Vinegar,	2 quarts.



TRANSPORTATION SCENE IN THE BUFFALO HUMP COUNTRY IN MIDWINTER.

It is well, on account of the trouble of making fresh bread day after day, to put in place of the flour about one-half its equivalent in hard bread, or "hardtack." The proportion of "hardtack" to flour is about 100 pounds of hardtack to 115 pounds of flour. If corn-meal is desired, it should be carried in the proportion of 125 pounds of corn-meal for 115 pounds of flour. A can or two of syrup should supplement the supply of sugar. Dried or evaporated fruits should be added to the list, such as apples, apricots, peaches, and a small quantity of raisins. The above table is based on the idea of no fresh meat, game or fish being had or found. Of course, these add greatly to the luxury of living in the wilderness. I have found that old Rocky Mountain hunters carry a few ounces of citric acid, which makes a good sour drink like lemonade. I always carry it. On our trip through the Clearwater Country we caught trout by the hundreds in many of the mountain streams, and frequently had a blacktail deer hanging up in our camp. We were seldom out of fresh meat. I found an excellent article of evaporated potatoes, onions, and soup vegetables made in Dayton, Oregon, by a Mr. Snyder. The bulk and weight of these was only about fifteen per cent that of the natural vegetables, and I found them the best I ever used.

In the matter of arms in our party, one man preferred one kind of rifle, and another man another kind. The Winchester 30-40 smokeless rifle, model 1898, was found to be a weapon of great power and efficiency for big game. I prefer, myself, the new model .303 calibre Savage rifle; its charge of smokeless powder is less than thirty grains, but it seemed to be sufficient. I never liked the sharp recoil of the 30-40 Winchester. For big-game hunting, the steel-jacketed, soft-nosed bullet, fired with smokeless powder, was found to be terribly effective on all game killed by our party. One of the men had a Mauser sporting rifle of less than 30 calibre, using smokeless powder, and made in Germany. It was an elegant and effective weapon. Several of our party, including myself, carried the new model Harrington & Richardson revolvers, which were found to be excellent and serviceable weapons for the wilderness.

The trout in all the mountain streams of that region we usually caught with fly-hooks, the small brown or black fly being best. On our return trip, as we proceeded into the Buffalo Hump District from the east, we camped several days on Fish Lake, which lies about fifteen miles east of the Hump. Here we found trout-fishing par excellence. It was no trouble to catch forty to fifty trout in a few hours' fishing, and several of our party caught 100 to 200 in a day. These lake trout were of medium size, seldom running over one-half a pound, but were fat and of the most delicate flavor—much better for the frying-pan than the trout caught in streams. All the trout of this region are the true Rocky Mountain trout. While differing somewhat in appearance from those found east of the main range of the Rockies in Montana, they belong to the same family, and are of the *Salmo Mykiss* variety. Change of locality makes a slight differentiation of species, and slight change of appearance only. At Fish Lake we made a small pit and surrounded it with stones; across the pit we laid slender strips of pine, and on this we

smoked a large quantity of trout taken from the lake. These smoked trout were delicious, afforded us an agreeable change, and gave a relish to our daily bill of fare.

The trail from Fish Lake to Buffalo Hump was one of the rockiest, steepest and most difficult I ever passed over; our poor horses struggled up the cruel ascent with groans and difficulty. We first passed up a narrow canyon leading from the lake towards the Hump, and it seemed as if Nature had tried to show how terrible she could make the pathway of the man who was rash enough to search for the golden treasures hidden at the base of that rugged mountain. Boulders of granite, and vast jagged masses of granitic rock were strewn everywhere. The black jack-pine trees grew on all sides in the midst of the terrible rocks. At every few steps our tired horses lifted their bruised feet over fallen trees and logs lying across the rocky trail. It was a slow and painful journey through a region so somber that the spirits of both men and horses were affected by it. We reached the rocky plateau at the foot of the Hump late in the evening, after a hard day's work, having traveled about twelve miles in all, and went into camp at the edge of a little mountain meadow, where our worn-out horses found in-

different feed. Before us, about a mile to the west, rose the rugged and snow-capped crest of Buffalo Hump; its outline was exactly like that of the back and hump of a monster buffalo. At the base of the mountain, stretching about three miles to the south, was a rocky and barren mountain plateau, strewn with granite boulders. Nestling at the foot of the mountain was a little settlement of log-cabins and tents, and a few rude store-houses, where provisions and miners' supplies were sold at about three to five times the cost of the same articles at Grangeville and on the Camas Prairie. Everything had to be packed into the Hump District painfully on pack-horses and mules from the Camas Prairie, over a very rough pack-trail, and prices were not exorbitant considering the difficulty of transportation through the wilderness and over the steep rocks.

This was the famous mining district of the Buf-

falo Hump, now well-known throughout the mining world. Three great ledges of quartz, lying almost parallel to each other and near together, extended north and south through the rocky plateau above mentioned, visible in places to the naked eye; and all along these ledges mining claims had been located and staked out, according to Federal laws and the statutes of Idaho. Near the base of the mountain was the famous Big Buffalo mine, with its dump, shaft-house, and hoist. This was the discovery of the prospectors Rigley and Robbins, made in August, 1898. The mine was now being worked by a syndicate of capitalists, who also owned great mining properties in the Coeur d'Alenes. About a mile south of the Buffalo Hump, a group of valuable claims was being worked by a mining company organized in and deriving its capital from Boston, Mass.

Although not at all a mining expert, I was much surprised, as were all of our party, some of them experienced miners, at the length and breadth, and the wonderful surface showings, of the great gold-bearing quartz-ledges of the Buffalo Hump; for example, the big ledge on Mineral Hill, which extends and continues through many claims and is clearly traceable on the sur-



GLIMPSE OF THE UPPER FALLS IN ELK RIVER, IDAHO, THE FALLS MEASURING SIXTY FEET IN HEIGHT.

face of all of them. Samples taken from this ledge along a distance of two miles showed the same or similar composition, either richer or poorer, but in all samples the same web, and most of them highly mineralized.

No great development work had as yet been done when we arrived there, and it is impossible to say whether the mineralized and gold-bearing quartz of the Buffalo Hump ledges extends to a great depth or not; but the surface showings, and the mineral exploited to a depth of forty feet, certainly indicate that a number of great gold mines will in the future be developed in this remarkable district. Mining experts from England, Australia, Africa, British Columbia, California, Mexico, and Colorado were then on the ground examining the various properties, all of which were held at high prices by the locators. It will be strange indeed if the Buffalo Hump District does not in the future become a great gold producer. A good wagon-road is now being built at great expense from Grangeville into the Buffalo Hump District, approaching it from the west side, which seems an easier and more accessible way than from the eastern side, over which we had come. Grangeville will probably be in the future, as it is now, the outfitting point for the Buffalo Hump and neighboring mines.

We had spent some time examining the mineral resources in and around Dixie, a little mining-camp east of the Hump. One mine there, which had been well developed and was undoubtedly a rich and valuable property, was known as the "Idaho-Comstock." It promises to be a great producer after a sufficient amount of capital has been expended in developing its rich veins. The Dixie District is undoubtedly one of great mineral resources, but in the Buffalo Hump proper the enormous ledges extending north and south seem to dwarf everything else in the way of mineral discoveries in that whole vast region of mineral-bearing rocks.

The big rocky plateau stretching southward from the Hump for several miles, through which the great quartz-veins run, presents a bird's-eye view rugged and wild beyond the power of description. Strewn with granite boulders, and torn and worn by the storms and erosions of centuries, it makes up a scene of gloomy and awful grandeur. Nature has here locked up the precious metals in walls of granite rock, and seemingly challenges the power and inventive genius of man, with all the machines and appliances for the new twentieth century, to extract them. It will take immense labor and large capital to work and develop the three great quartz-lodes of the Buffalo Hump, but the reward to enterprise, courage and capital seems to be certain and sure, and the near future will certainly find three or four, and perhaps more, big mines in that camp, adding each year their stock of gold to the world's product.

After remaining in the Buffalo Hump and resting our worn-out horses for two weeks, we proceeded westward across the southerly spur of the famous mountain, and marched for forty miles through a rough wilderness and over a bad trail until we struck the "State road" of Idaho, which runs from the Camas Prairie to the Florence mining district. We had thus in our exploring trip passed entirely around the Hump, and, although in one season it was impossible to make careful and minute investigations, our impressions clearly were, and are, that we had traversed in our journey a vast region which is surely destined to be one of the greatest gold-mining regions in North America.

Before we plunged into the dense black forest through which the Florence wagon-road runs, I rode up to the crest of a hill, where there was an overhanging cliff, and with my camera took a last picture of the Buffalo Hump from its westerly side. The sun was just setting, and strong rays of light lighted up the snows on the summit of the remarkable mountain. Below the snow-line on its arched back were great masses of bare rock and stunted pine-trees. Immense canyons and rocky gorges seamed the mountain from summit to base. There it lay, like a monster sleeping buffalo, his giant head dropped down in the darkness and depth of a great forest of pines below.

Fifteen miles away, and under the strong rays of the setting sun, I carefully viewed the mountain for the last time through my field-glasses. These were of a new kind, made in Germany, and known as Goerz' Trieder binoculars. Although small in size and easily handled and carried in the pocket, they were

the most remarkable field-glasses I have ever used or seen. Below the snow-line of the Buffalo Hump, and at a distance of fifteen miles, I could see a few small tents and cabins of miners who were exploring and investigating the western slope, and near these cabins and tents I could easily and plainly see the men moving about at their work, and also see the rugged and rough character of the rocky gulch in which they were working. In my memory will forever linger this my last view of a grand mountain which has been a landmark for Indians, trappers and hunters of that whole country for many ages, and which is destined to become a great center of mining activity in coming years.

By easy stages we marched our tired animals and men by the old Florence road back to Grangeville; here we went into camp on the same spot from which we had started two months before. The luxury of coming out of the wilderness of forests and mountains through which we had so long traveled, and resting once more in the sunny fields of the fertile Camas Prairie, was something akin to paradise. We put our worn-out and partially disabled horses into good pasture, and filled our depleted camp larder with eggs, milk, and fresh meat. No one can appreciate these luxuries of civilization like the man who has endured for many weeks the hardships and privations of a Rocky Mountain wilderness.

WISCONSIN COPPER DEPOSITS.

D. C. Dillon, of La Crosse, Wis., has discovered a vein of copper in that State which, he says, will yield an enormous output. He has shipped several carloads to Chicago, where it was handled by a copper refining company, and yielded from \$48 to \$55 a ton. The land upon which the metal was discovered Webster township, Vernon County, and is several miles north north of the end of Kickapoo Valley. Mr. Dillon says it is a vein about two feet thick and ten feet wide.

Friends of his are now engaged in digging up a large section of Webster Township, in hopes that they will strike the vein. Dillon has devoted much of his life to the study of mining. He has worked as a miner, and superintended the refining of various metals, and is in a position to know a vein of metal from a pocket.

"There is a strip of copper thirty-five miles east of the Mississippi River and thirty-five miles wide, which is mineral bearing on a north and south line," he declares. "This strip runs through the State, and then takes a turn and goes into Michigan, where much copper and silver has been found."



A LITTLE RIVER STEAMER CARRYING SUPPLIES TO RANCHERS AND MINERS IN THE CLEARWATER COUNTRY.



RANCHES FOR ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES.

The largest stock-ranch in Oregon, according to J. H. Mahan, a Harney County stockman, belongs to Miller & Lux of San Francisco, and is situated in Harney County, says the *Portland Oregonian*. One of its divisions alone, which is known as the Island Ranch, contains 72,000 acres, all enclosed with a stout barb-wire fence; and the firm owns ranches all along the road to Winnemucca, Nev., 150 miles south, so that in driving cattle from the Oregon ranch to the railroad the bands may be turned into the firm's own pastures every night. Title has been acquired to the Oregon tract by purchase from the State of the swamp and overflow lands and by buying out settlers who have proved up on the homesteads or preëmptions. The enclosed lands are used altogether as winter range, the stock being turned on the Government lands outside during the summer.

LAND VALUES IN NORTH DAKOTA.

The Grand Forks (N. D.) *Herald* says that the real estate dealers of Grand Forks state that the demand for farm lands is phenomenal for this season of the year, and that prices are very stiff. Sales are noted every day, many of them being cash transactions. H. Bendeke & Company closed a deal whereby Halvor O. Bridston and Anton Swarstad became the owners of a half-section of land three miles southeast of Thompson for \$9,000, the greater part of which was paid in spot cash. Many similar sales could be noted, and the consideration in each case is about the same as that named above.

The farmers are not the only ones looking for land. Speculators are watching every chance to pick up pieces of land that are for sale or that will likely be in the near future. It is a patent fact, also, that the speculators are willing to pay from \$100 to \$200 more per quarter than are the farmers themselves. This is the result of the growing scarcity of land. Speculators know that it is but a question of a few years when farm lands will be very hard to obtain, and that prices will have a steady upward tendency from this time forward. This fact the speculators thoroughly appreciate, as do some of the farmers. Many of them, however, do not realize how valuable their land really is.

NEW METHOD OF IRRIGATION.

Next season an entirely new system of irrigating orchards will be introduced in the vicinity of Ontario, Ore. It will be applied to the land that is above the canals. Water will be hauled in wagons to where it is wanted. At the root of each tree will be placed a ten-gallon water-box. This box is to be filled once every two weeks during the dry season until the tree is five years old. To fill these boxes, on the basis of twenty acres of orchard it will require 30,000 gallons of water. This will take a team and one man six days. The soil will be cultivated thoroughly, and about three times as deep as is usual.

It is claimed by advocates of the new system that fruit raised with a dry surface will be far superior to that raised with surface watering. The spider and moth will not be attracted by damp soil. The usual water rental is \$1 per acre for surface watering. It is claimed under the new system that two inches of water will irrigate twenty acres of bearing orchard. It is proposed to grow melons in the same way, the water-box at the melon-root, of course, being smaller. It is claimed that melons in this country are not of the best quality, on account of lying on moist

ground and becoming the prey of the different kinds of insects. Under the new system, the melon rests on a dry surface, colors naturally, ripens evenly, is not filled with water by evaporation, has an even and regular rind, ships better, and keeps better in the market.

DEVELOPMENT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

"Although its total mineral production has reached the vast sum of \$135,773,881, without taking the present year into account, the resources of British Columbia, the most westerly Province of Canada, are as yet but little known to the people of the outside world," said John Dorsey, mine owner and capitalist, who arrived in St. Paul recently. He was on his way East, and will remain in the United States during the winter.

"Our country has made enormous strides during the past few years," he continued, "and it is a question of but a short time until the process of fully developing its mineral wealth will be under way. Only recently the Canadian Pacific road, at an expenditure of \$6,000,000, extended its line so as to take in the 'boundary district,' which is just across the border of the United States, and 300 miles distant from the Pacific Coast. Until then there was no opportunity to handle the ore, but at the present time smelters are being put in at convenient points along the line, and the work is getting well under way.

"The placer gold was taken out of the country several years ago, and only lode gold is now found. This, however, is an incident to the mining of copper, which is the real industry of the country. The introduction of thoroughly modern machinery and the competition that has sprung up among the different smelting concerns has had the effect of cheapening prices, so that it is possible to get a ton of ore reduced as low as \$4.50, with every prospect of a further cut."

MONTANA CATTLE AND HORSES.

If some Rip Van Winkle who knew the range live-stock product of 1884 were to be awakened for a look at the range cattle and horses of 1900, says the Miles City (Mont.) *Stock-Grocers' Journal*, he would see a transformation to challenge a worse surprise than was depicted by Irving in his portrayal of the original Rip. The wild Texas steer of the early days—the wide-antlered, cat-hammed, snorting, belligerent ward of the be-spurred, be-gloved, wide-hatted, cigarette-loving cowboy of that primitive period, is gone. So, also, is the aboriginal "cow-puncher," who has given way to a better type, carrying but one gun, and clad in soberer costume. Whitefaces have superseded the long-horned Texans, and the Northwestern ranges abound in high-grade cattle.

The most radical change is to be noted in the breeding of horses. The improvement in this grade of range horses is even more noticeable. The wide difference between the runty cayuse of the early days and the ordinary run of range-horse stock to be seen everywhere now is a result of careful selection of sires, and the importation of large-sized dams from Oregon and elsewhere. The result is that we have a class of good-sized horses, with clean limbs and excellent shape. They are spirited, but docile. They can travel to the end of the road and back again the next day, and are tractable. This new generation of horses yields excellent returns to our range breeders; and, besides all that, horsemen find great pleasure in raising and training such stock, and take pride in the business.

PROFITABLE RANCHES IN IDAHO.

Paid for his ranch in one season from the receipts of a twenty-acre orchard on Bear Ridge, Idaho—is the testimony of John Anderson, the lucky owner, who is elated over his fortune in casting his lot in the Potlatch. Last spring, says a correspondent, Mr. Anderson arrived in this section and found a chance to buy a ranch on Bear Ridge. The price agreed on was \$2,000. The twenty-acre orchard was mostly pears. The pear crop turned out enormous, and for a time Mr. Anderson was at a loss to know what to do. A buyer came along and offered him \$10 per ton for the crop on the trees, which

he readily accepted. The crop weighed 200 tons, netting Mr. Anderson \$2,000, the price paid for his home.

Another Easterner came here last spring and rented for ten years the fruit-ranch of John Helper of Potlatch Ridge. This season's crop of apples reached 5,000 boxes of the best quality of marketable fruit. The five varieties of apples from this ranch took the first prize at the World's Fair. The new occupant is elated over his success, the financial returns being such that his first year's profits will put him in fine shape.

John Hutchison, who owns sixty acres of prune-trees on American Ridge, has dried 50,000 pounds of prunes. The strong winds that prevailed here on the 16th of October, and the subsequent rains, have proved disastrous to fruit-drying operations, as many of the trees were stripped of their well-matured fruit, which has since molded and rotted from the rains on the ground. Many new driers were built in the Potlatch this season, and in most instances the fruit is a good, marketable grade. A buyer

A Colfax dispatch says the crop of winter apples harvested in the Palouse Country is proving the best the country has ever produced, both in quantity and quality. Zell M. Beebe is buying apples here for Ryan & Newton of Spokane, and recently bought twenty-one carloads. He is paying forty cents per box, f. o. b. Colfax, for the apples. While this is the lowest price at which apples have sold here for many years, all agree that it pays better than wheat at fifty cents per bushel.

The apples go to British Columbia, Montana, the Dakotas, and points in Washington. None go further east than the Dakotas, as the Middle West has a large apple crop this year. It is estimated that from forty to fifty carloads of apples will be shipped from Colfax this year, while the shipments from the county will run into the hundreds of carloads. In 1898 Whitman County shipped 250 carloads of apples, which brought the producers \$100,000.

Garfield advices state that a conservative estimate of the



A BIT OF MINNESOTA FOREST SCENERY ALONG THE ST. PAUL & DULUTH RAILWAY—DESTROYED BY FOREST FIRES IN 1894, AND NOW BEING SETTLED UPON BY AGRICULTURISTS.

who is here receiving on contract is paying from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound, and it is thought the dried product will aggregate several carloads. The growth of the fruit business has been so great as to make it necessary for storage facilities at Kendrick, and arrangements have been made for the construction of a frost-proof brick warehouse, 32x100 feet in dimensions, this fall.

WASHINGTON'S APPLE CROP.

The apple crop of this State, says the Tacoma (Wash.) *West Coast Trade*, is a record breaker in size this season, probably over 1,000 carloads being shipped out of the leading producing sections. Many apples are going East from the Palouse Country, Walla Walla, and Yakima, while considerable shipments are likewise being made to the Sound and elsewhere.

number of cars to be shipped from there are seventy-five carloads, which is fifty per cent greater than the record year of 1897, when forty-nine carloads were shipped from Garfield. Dealers are paying from forty to fifty cents per 100 pounds for the apples in bulk. The fruit was hauled to town in wagons, and several firms have forces of men engaged in packing the fruit in boxes and preparing it for shipment. The apples are the best ever grown in the Palouse Country, but one wagon-load having been rejected because of insect pests.

It is estimated that the crop of winter apples now being harvested in the Yakima Valley will amount to 40,000 boxes. Buyers are paying two cents per pound, or equivalent to one dollar per box for choice stock. The crop is larger and the quality better than last year, said to be due to concerted efforts in spraying and the care that has been taken of orchards in the pruning, cultivating, and irrigating of trees.

AN EXPERIMENT IN TRUST.

BY HENRIETTA
H. JACOBS.



"Perhaps you were looking for work?"

O'Donnell wondered if he was hearing or dreaming. The speaker was no vision, however, but very real and strong and firm—"a hard man on law-breakers," O'Donnell knew.

In the town, this man's name, known of everybody, stood for law and justice—always justice. A culprit was sure of getting justice, whether he received anything else or not. He was judge of the county—Judge Burke; and at times he was "Burke, the rancher," and in season some people referred to him as "Burke, the sportsman."

But O'Donnell was altogether of the other sort. He had only one good thing in his life to remember, and that belonged to last year, when he had been somewhere up in the mountains. He had found a dog caught in a bear-trap, and, though it seemed mad with suffering and tore his hands while he was undoing the trap, he had set the creature free. The pain had made the dog blind, but it needed no sight to recognize and to worship O'Donnell. It followed him always, and sometimes—the fellow realized the wrong of it—the blind, mongrel dog trusted him.

He had come a long way over a hard trail, he and the dog, and seeing the apparent desertion of Burke's ranch cabins,—for the men were all in the hay-fields, and Burke's family lived in town,—he had gone into the workshop, and, just as Burke stepped in and spoke to him, had taken up a small hammer from one of the benches. He laid it down again very quickly, and looked at Burke for several minutes without replying.

Evidently, Burke was giving him a chance. He had always told himself that all he wanted was a chance; but the chance had never come until now.

"Well, I wasn't—exactly," he said at last; for very few lies were told to Burke.

"Were—you—Did you need a man?"

"Yes; I need a MAN."

O'Donnell was not dull; he recognized the emphasis. Perhaps the chance was to slip away from him, after all; and he looked out past Burke, toward the trail, with the old, hopeless, helpless spirit in his face again.

"You can trust me," Burke said—so kindly that O'Donnell started with the strange newness of it.

"I haven't done much of that sort of thing," O'Donnell began; "and when I did, I found it didn't pay."

"Well, try it in my case, as an experiment,—just as I shall do with you."

* * *

A new life came to O'Donnell, and a better one than he had ever known. Burke had needed a man, and, oddly enough, O'Donnell rose to the occasion and filled the place creditably. They were much-together, and O'Donnell, bit by bit, told Burke of his past life. He told, rather proudly, of his rescuing the dog from the bear-trap; and when he had finished, Burke answered him, quietly but firmly, that he would have shot the dog; and Burke did not know all that his words meant.

One afternoon the two men were together in the midst of a mountain stream. Burke was refastening some "flies" to the band of his hat, while O'Donnell waited, balancing himself on a slippery bit of rock, with both their rods in his hand. The place was supremely beautiful. There was a heavy growth of trees on one bank, and a great mass of rocks and boulders on the other side—from which hung ferns and waving, fairy-like mosses. The water in which they stood—cold and pure, and flowing on over stones that flashed and glittered like rare jewels; the infinite purity of the western air; the awful silence of the pines and the mountains—all this, together with the kindly trust in Burke's eyes—the rare power and strength of whose personality even the vastness of his surroundings could

not lessen, opened O'Donnell's lips to speak his own doom.

"I did a queer thing—once—in my life."

He was speaking rapidly, and his face was already white and miserable.

"There was an old man, a miner. He had done well—so well that he was going home to his family—he lived alone, you know. The place where he made his strike and worked out the lead was just beyond the head of Bear Creek. The cabin stands there yet."

"O'Donnell!"

Burke cried out warningly. He was giving the man another chance; but this time O'Donnell did not take the gift.

"I only wanted the gold," he hurried on. "I never meant it all at the beginning. I had no plan—only to get the gold. But he fought hard for it, and it was one or the other of us; and—I—killed him!"

"And what then?" Burke asked, the change in whom O'Donnell had not yet noticed.

"Then I buried him—and no one knew; they thought he had gone East."

"I never did any good with the money. I was hungry—with all that gold in my shirt here. When I had it, I wanted to be rid of it as much as I had wanted to get it. I gambled with it, and lost it."

"But the old man's death has been a heavy burden. Something's been prompting me to tell you, and I'm glad to have done it."

"Are you?"

Burke's tone was as hard as iron.

"Yes—yes; I—am—glad," O'Donnell tried to say. "Shall we go on? It's not pleasant to talk about."

"We will not go on."

O'Donnell was beginning to see. He slipped from the rock, and stumbled about in the water.

"It's a shock to you—a horrible shock. I can understand that. But the thing's done—long ago, and covered up."

O'Donnell was pleading for more than life now.



"... it was one or the other of us; and—I—killed him!"

"No one suspected. Other men have done the same thing—men that you give your hand to every day. And now you're looking at me as if I was the first. You're a judge—you've seen plenty of this. Am I to lose my place with you? Why are you putting away those flies?"

"O'Donnell!"

It was not a warning this time; it was a command.

"When you come to your senses, you will see that you have made a confession to an officer."

"A confession!" O'Donnell cried out; and the wall of rock, with its gently-swaying mosses, gave back his words. "A confession—to an officer? My God, no! I have only trusted a friend."

"You must try to understand that you have done both, and that I shall act upon both."

"The thing is impossible! What was the dead man to you? What have I done to you? Or are you thinking I will tell someone else? There is no man living, but you, that could have dragged this thing from me."

O'Donnell's manner and tone were wild, almost threatening; but Burke answered him with all his accustomed calmness.

"What you are saying is mere childishness. When you are done with it, I will tell you just what I expect of you." And, after a time, O'Donnell was "done with it."

The two men then went to town together. The formal confession was made, and O'Donnell was placed in jail.

The blind dog crept fearfully about the jail-yard, but Burke went out to his ranch.

On the day following all the town knew, and there was much talk. It was said that Burke meant to clear O'Donnell; that the two were playing a farce. Now, there were dangerous men in the town—men who were out of work, and bitter, and ready for any sort of ill-doing. At last, when some of Burke's men came in during the day with clothing for O'Donnell, it was suggested that Burke meant to run no risks with the law, but to carry out some more effective plan for the prisoner's escape.

Before midnight there was a mob at the jail. The sheriff made what defense he could, but in spite of it they took O'Donnell out, and, a little way from the town, tied him to a pine-tree and shot him to death. The dog had followed, and they shot him, too.

In the morning Burke came, with a few other men, and took them both away—the body of the man, and the body of the dog. No one knew what the judge thought, for his face was inscrutable; but it is our belief that to this day his heart is filled with conflicting emotions, and that he is glad of the vengeance that stepped so opportunely between crime and the rigid justice of the law.

ORE THAT ILLUMINATES.

Residents of Boise City, Idaho, are very much excited over the discovery of a mineral which has illuminating power. The discovery was made by George F. Ayers, a well-known mining man of Boise, several weeks ago in one of his claims about sixty miles from Boise. At the time he did not think much of the matter, and therefore paid no attention to it. The further he went into the mine, however, the brighter the light became, until, after a few feet had been worked, it was not necessary for him to use a lamp. It was then that he took some of the mineral to Boise, and had it examined by an assayer.

Terry L. Williams, of Boise, who is interested with Mr. Ayres, was in Tacoma, Wash., recently, and had a piece of the mineral with him. He will have an assay of it made, and expects that its true worth will be determined.

"So far we have not been able to find any person who can tell what kind of mineral it is," he said when exhibiting it, "and it is for that purpose I have brought it here. There is a large body of it at the mine where this was taken out, about sixty miles from Boise City. Mr. Ayres, owner of the mine, found it four weeks ago at a depth of 300 feet from the surface. He was running a crosscut tunnel to tap his ledge at this depth, when he struck this deposit. At first it attracted his attention

by giving forth a dull light. As he worked further in the light became brighter, and at the end of three days' work he was able to go ahead without the aid of a lamp. Then the mineral became a curiosity, and some of it was taken to Boise. It was examined, but there has been no one who is able to tell just what it is.

"Mr. Ayres took a piece of it to his cabin, and after night tried to make it show a light, but it was not so bright as it had been in the tunnel. This is attributed to the atmospheric conditions, and is undoubtedly true, for in the experiments that have been made with it in Boise we have been able to reproduce the atmospheric conditions in water that prevail where the mineral is found, and therefore it is not thought that we will have any trouble in getting the desired result.

"So far as we have been able to learn, this is the first of the mineral ever found in the world. All assayers to whom we have shown it say they never heard of it before, and they are not able to tell what it is. We will go ahead and try to put it to some use, and even at the present time are reasonably sure of success. If it does come out as we expect, the mine will be more valuable than we ever believed.

"There is a large body of the deposit, and the farther we go in the stronger becomes the light. Another thing that we are convinced of is that, if it can be made practical, it will be a perpetual light, for in the throwing off of its rays there does not appear to be any waste of the mineral. Since the discovery there has been a large number of visitors to the mine, and interest in the outcome is being watched by all in the vicinity of where the deposit was uncovered."

MONTANA'S NEW-FOUND MUMMY.

Egypt is not the only place which produces mummies, and the monopoly which that country has so long held upon the industry is now threatened by a place in Fergus County, says the Lewiston, Mont., correspondent of the *Helena Record*. A few days ago Dr. Lindsey, a practicing physician, brought into town and now has in his possession a relic of this description, the same having been seen by a great many people, who pronounced it as perfect a specimen of a mummy as any coming from the pyramids.

A few days ago the doctor heard that an Indian graveyard had been discovered on the north fork of McDonald Creek, in the Snowy Mountains, and with true professional spirit started for the scene to verify the story.

Upon last Friday night, with a companion named Barney Whorton, the doctor drove out to the graveyard, having first provided himself with a box in which to bring back relics. Upon their arrival they found many evidences of the place having been anciently used by the Indians as a cemetery.

Grimacing skulls and other bones were strewn about in great confusion. About fifty feet above ground, securely fastened in the limbs of a tree, a body was found, which, after it had been brought down and examined, proved to be that of one of the noble aborigines of the forest.

During the process of lowering it the body fell to the ground and the lower jaw was broken off, but otherwise no great harm was done. According to Dr. Lindsey, thirty years or more must have elapsed since the body was deposited there by friends and mourners of the deceased, during all of which time it has been lying there waiting for the Great Spirit to summon it to the happy hunting-grounds.

It was wrapped up with much care in buffalo robes, and was dressed in the uniform of Uncle Sam, so familiar in early days on the Western frontier. Mats of hair still clung to the head, the flesh is hard and unyielding, and, had the body been allowed to remain where it was much longer, it is probable that it would have become petrified.

Highly elated over his discovery, Dr. Lindsey carefully placed his mummy in the box, and drove home. Before returning, he picked up about 700 elk's teeth and a number of skulls.

AN ALMOST UNKNOWN MINNESOTA RIVER.

In the last annual report of Gen. C. C. Andrews, chief fire warden of Minnesota, is a very interesting description of a journey made by him into the forest tracts along Big Fork River. The general says:

"That there should be in our State a river 330 miles long, with densely wooded shores, scarcely known to the public, is a striking indication of Minnesota's yet undeveloped resources. This is the Big Fork, a stream everywhere crooked, and which, taking its rise in the Little Bow String Lake, makes two great bends, one west and one east, and with a generally northern direction traverses thirty different townships before its confluence with the Rainy River.

"My trip down the whole course of the Big Fork occupied from May 25 to June 5, both inclusive, in all twelve days; and on account of the extreme low stage of the water, the lowest any one remembers, involved much labor for the whole party. The average depth then was about a foot. The river has an average width of 150 feet, and assumes and maintains large proportions immediately on leaving Big Bow String Lake. There are two important falls—one over trap rock in township 62, range 25; the other called Sturgeon Falls, over granite in the southeast corner of township 155, range 25—and very many rapids. There were also two pine-log jams, which, like the falls, had to be portaged, a task of no small magnitude.

"The surface of the country, while generally level, is slightly undulating. Apparently the average height of the banks is fifteen feet. They are very seldom less than ten feet, and there are places reaching an elevation of fifty feet. A mile or two back from the river, on each side, the surface is liable to be lower. It is noteworthy that for the entire length of the river the soil is a loam, with a strong mixture of clay, and very sticky. To the agriculturist this is equivalent to saying that the soil is fertile. Indeed, the exuberance of vegetation affords overwhelming proof of the soil's fertility; and not in spots, but everywhere. Along part of the banks, and especially in the upper part, are fine strips of meadow with a rank growth of red top and blue-joint grass, excellent for forage.

"The woods are simply astonishing for being so continuous and dense, and covering every acre that is not meadow. The poplar predominates, both white and Balm of Gilead. Spruce, balsam, birch, cedar, ash, and oak come next. I saw spruce two feet in diameter, and cedar three feet in diameter. Every few miles are growths of white and Norway pine, occupying always the highest elevations. In fact, there is a wall of forest on each side of the river, which—in its present fresh foliage, with every shade of green intermixed, and crowned with scattered pinnacles of conifers—is most striking. There is a profusion of undergrowth, including the hazel and alder. The white blossoms of the high bush cranberry and the apple-thorn peep through here and there, and the white flowering kinnikinnie makes a beautiful border. Skimming this splendid river, with a vista here and there for quite a distance, with such a noble virgin forest on each side and a flood of sunlight above, one inwardly feels more than he can express of nature's majesty. The country being fertile and open to settlement, I wondered why more settlers had not come in to occupy the land. There are



IN A MINNESOTA FOREST REGION—TAMARACK SWAMP IN LAKE COUNTY.

[By Courtesy of Gen. C. C. Andrews]



NORWAY PINE FOREST ON NON-AGRICULTURAL LAND IN LAKE COUNTY, MINN. [By Courtesy of Gen. C. C. Andrews.]

very few actual settlers. I met with not over a dozen on the public land, and all testified to the bountiful yield of crops. Game is fairly plenty. As many as twenty deer and two or three moose were seen on the river banks. Ducks and part-ridges are numerous, as also such birds as the robin and meadow-lark.

"The Big Fork is a noble river, and will play an important part in Minnesota's future; but on visiting its home country and making close inquiries about its character, it is found, alas! that it has one bad habit—that of overflowing its banks, or some of its banks, once about every nine years. Its waters are sometimes fifteen feet higher than at present, which would be a drawback as to the occupancy for farming purposes of a portion of the adjacent lands. This river connects with an important international navigable route,—the Rainy River and Lake of the Woods,—and it would be well to have it surveyed by the United States engineers, to ascertain what improvement of its navigation would be advisable, whether the construction of dams at some of its lake outlets would be expedient for holding back its surplus waters and thereby lessening its liability to overflow, or what other improvement, if any, would promote the agricultural development of the country. The State owns a large amount of school- and swamp-lands in this region, the value of which would be increased if they could become available for agriculture. If there are lands which, from the river's overflow, will not be suitable for agriculture, they certainly can be utilized as forest reserves.

"The Minnesota bank of the Rainy River from the Big Fork to Lake of the Woods has a gradual slope, is from fifteen to twenty feet high, and is covered with a thick young growth of deciduous forest, principally poplar. The soil is well adapted for agriculture, but scarcely any of it is yet under cultivation.

On the Canada side opposite, however, are frequent homestead settlements, and an occasional village."

In closing this chapter, General Andrews says: "There are 1,200,000 acres of timber-lands in scattered localities in Minnesota, though not all pine lands, which belong to the State. Of these, 800,000 acres are lands for the benefit of public schools, and 400,000 acres are for the benefit of the State University, State institutions, and internal improvements. On about 700,000 acres of these lands the timber has been cut in whole or in part, and the land thus cut over is being sold for agricultural purposes whenever a price of not less than five dollars per acre can be obtained for it. It is believed that not more than half of the original timber on these lands has been utilized for manufacturing purposes. A conservative estimate based on the returns in the State land commissioner's office, shows that these timber-lands as a whole have yielded an average of twelve and a half thousand to fifteen thousand feet of pine on every forty acres, or from 350,000,000 to 400,000,000 feet in all."

THE WHARF OF DREAMS.

Strange wares are hand'ed on the wharves of sleep;
Shadows of shadows pass, and many a light
Flashes a single fire across the night;
Barges depart, whose voiceless steersmen keep
Their way without a star upon the deep;
And from lost ships homing with ghostly crews,
Come cries of incommunicable news.
While cargoes pile the piers, a moon-white heap—
Budgets of dream dust, merchandise of song,
Wreckage of hope and packs of ancient wrong,
Nepenthes gathered from a secret strand,
Fardels of heartache, burdens of old sins,
Luggage sent down from dim ancestral inns,
And hales of fantasie from No Man's Land.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

PIERRE, CAPITAL OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

Pierre, the capital of South Dakota and county seat of Hughes County, is located on the Missouri River at the Western terminus of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, and has at present a population of 3,000. The town takes its name from Pierre Choteau, the head of the old American Fur Company, which had Fort Pierre, across the river from this point, for its principal post on the Upper Missouri River.

Pierre is a distributing center for a scope of country larger than many of the Eastern States, and as such is an important wholesaling point, supplying the numerous stores scattered over the range country, sending goods as far west as Smithville, over 100 miles to the west, and to all the country between the river and that point.

The town takes pride in the fact that it now owns its own water, gas, and electric-lighting plants; and, further, in the fact that it is the only city in the Northwest which is supplied with natural gas. This supply is secured in an artesian flow of water at a depth of 1,300 feet, the two wells owned by the city supplying about 150,000 cubic feet of gas per day of twenty-four hours. The wells are natural curiosities, for the reason that they furnish both water and fire from the same stream; and when the wells are allowed to run open, a torch touched to the stream of water spouting from the pipe will cause it to break into a roaring flame. The gas thus secured is separated from the water by allowing it to flow through a receiver, which allows the gas to rise, and it is retained.

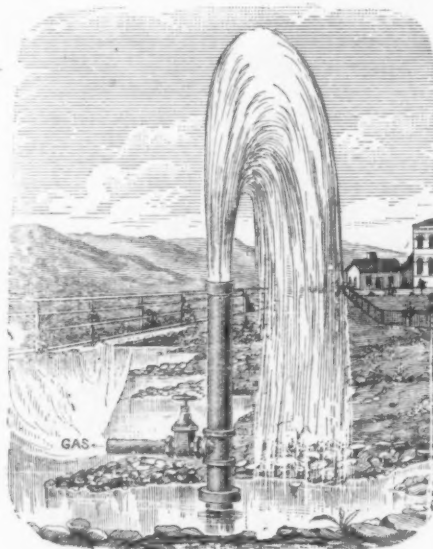
The supply thus secured is an excellent fuel gas, but it cannot be used for illuminating without the use of Wellsbach or similar burners. It furnishes intense heat with but little flame, and a large number of the residences of the town are supplied with it for cooking and lighting purposes. The only power used in the city is through gas-engines supplied with this natural gas, by which the city water-plant is operated, as well as a large grist-mill and numerous smaller plants. The grist-mill is operated in this way at a cost of less than five dollars per day for fuel, and without any cost for an engineer, as the engine only needs oiling, and when once started works until the gas is shut off. With this gas supply the city is in a position to furnish cheap power to any plant which desires to use it.

Pierre is the center of a large cattle and wool business, the wool shipments from here this year reaching a million pounds; and, as the flocks in the section tributary to the city are con-

stantly increasing, the shipments for future years are certain to increase in magnitude. It is also one of the heaviest shipping-points in the State for cattle. The shipments of beef cattle to the market average over 20,000 head per year, while the young stock shipped in here every spring to supply the ranges will fully equal that number.

The raising of cattle and sheep is one of the industries of South Dakota which are not to any great extent dependent upon timely rains, like that of grain-raising; and as a result, the farmers and ranchers of this portion of the State are generally prosperous, and the bank deposits show this fact. There are three national banks in the place, all carrying heavy deposits and doing a large business in cattle paper, a security which is always increasing in value.

The town contains a number of creditable public buildings,



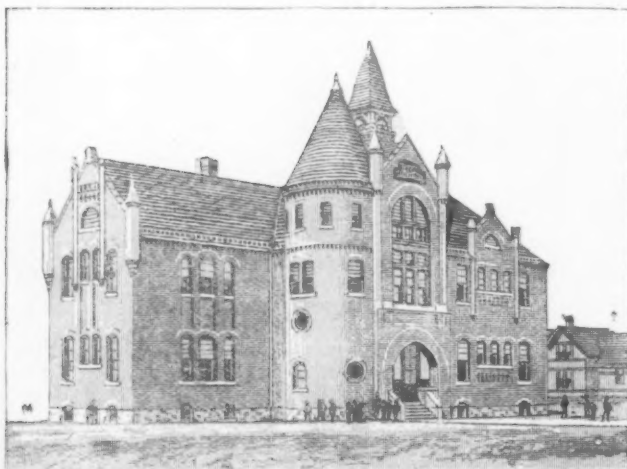
PIERRE'S GREAT GAS WELL, WHICH FURNISHES LIGHT FOR THE WHOLE TOWN.

among them a fine court-house and public school buildings. The statehouse is a wooden building, filling the needs of the State as yet, but one which will soon have to give way to something better and up to the commonwealth's growing needs. The State owns a tract of twenty acres of land in the heart of the city, on which the proper buildings will be erected before many years.

There are seven churches in the city—two Methodist, a Baptist, a Congregational, an Episcopal, a Catholic, and a Lutheran. The Catholics have a large hospital and school, which is the headquarters for the Benedictine Sisters for South Dakota and North Dakota.

The Government business here consists of a large Indian Industrial School, a Government land office, a signal station, and the United States Court.

So far as local building progress is concerned, there is not today a vacant storeroom or dwelling in Pierre; and as the demand is still unsatisfied, more dwellings must be built. Large as building operations were in 1900, the coming year will probably be just as active. It is necessary that cottages and business houses be erected to meet the constantly growing requirements, and public-spirited citizens will see that this is done. The town is so situated that it need not fear any great commercial rivalry for many years to come. It is centrally located, is the permanent capital of the State, is on the only navigable stream in this part of the Northwest—the Missouri, and it



THE BEAUTIFUL CENTRAL SCHOOL BUILDING IN PIERRE, SOUTH DAKOTA.

is 400 miles from Sioux City, about the same distance from Bismarck, and far enough away from all other competing points to make it sole mistress of a vast territory that is growing in population and wealth rapidly.

What Pierre needs is more railroads, and this need is certain to be supplied in the near future. The Chicago & Northwestern Railway has made the town its river terminus for twenty years, as previously stated, but it will soon extend its line across the river and through the richest cattle-grazing section of the West—a distance of 160 miles to Rapid City, S. D., the gateway to the Black Hills, the richest hundred-mile square mineral belt in the known world. Pierre will then become the supply point for that region and the country beyond in Wyoming and Montana. A railroad is already graded from Pierre to Aberdeen, 130 miles northeast; another is being graded to Pierre from Grand Island, Neb., which will also extend to the Black Hills; while still another is being projected from Sioux Falls to Pierre, and so on through the Black Hills and across the continent. It is only a question of a year or two, it would appear, when South Dakota's capital city shall become what its location entitles it to be—an important railway, commercial, and political center.

With its good hotels, its full line of mercantile houses, its excellent schools, its stable local government and all those modern facilities which make a town desirable as a place of business and residence, Pierre's future is assured. It is a growing town—just the sort of place to make investments in—just the kind of place to move to and live in. And there is no time like the present for acquiring property interests there. Lots and lands are now held at very reasonable prices, but as the town grows and the country round about fills up, property of all descriptions is bound to rise in value. The last Federal census shows that South Dakota is making rapid progress in all ways. It is gaining thousands of new population every year, and attracting to its borders people of means and intelligence whose citizenship creates added wealth and induces new enterprise. Pierre is sharing in this new growth and development. The town and the tributary country offers inducements to settlers that cannot be overlooked, and new homes and new ranches greet one on every hand. The people are liberal, energetic and prosperous. They welcome newcomers heartily, because they realize that every additional settler gives rise to new values and augments the general wealth and well-being of the entire section. Those who go to Pierre now, or those who buy lands in the contiguous territory, are certain to reap large profits from their investments in the rise of values alone. With good business judgment and the proper degree of activity and enterprise, such people will quickly find themselves on the road to competence. There are many thriving communities in the State, but not one that holds forth a brighter or more hopeful future than Pierre—the capital city.

MUTILATED NOMENCLATURE.

The long-faced, peak-headed bipeds called "savants," because they are so unique, recently officially crippled another set of Western names, expostulates the justly incensed editor of the *New Whatcom* (Wash.) *Blade*. We refer to the grave and solemn ignoramuses who compose the high-sounding Bureau

of American Ethnology and the American Board of Geographical Names. There are two ways conceivable in sanity by which these alleged wise men make up their insane official spellings of proper geographical names: First, they may have the genius of E. A. Poe divided among them; second, they may in the far past have studied Sanskrit and the tongue of Dinizula, and a fusion of what they can remember of the two may give some semblance of foundation for these crimes.

Anyhow, they sit in luxurious apartments in Washington and, decade after decade, chop away at the historic names of our country until not a dot of a real name is left.

They have issued a bull to the effect that it is "Spokan," not Spokane; "Lake Kootenai," not Lake Kootenay; "Kutenai," not Kootenay (compare these latter two absurd inconsistencies); "Pend Oreille," not the real Pend d'Oreille; "Clealum," not Cle-Elum, which is the name of a famous Indian; "Sampoil," not Sans Poil; and, finally, this dastardly outrage—"Okinagan" for Okanogan! These compose but a small number of scores of changes equally absurd.

We protest! It is not only sacrilege, it is a crime against the history and traditions of the great West, and the perpetrators should be not only removed from the wilderness of unbridled authority, but should be punished by both fine and imprisonment in the alligator lagoons of Florida, to boot.

Allison French, in a recent note in *The Dilettante*, lamented that this State was not named Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, or Yakima, each of these towns having at the christening-time de-

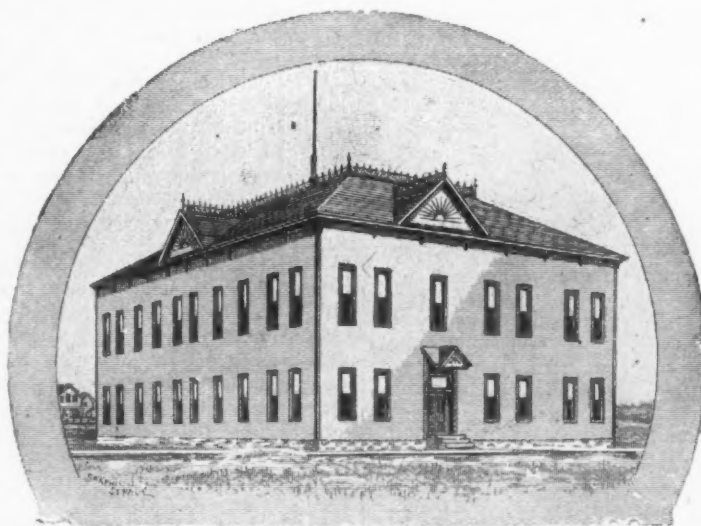
sired the honor. This would have saved many inconveniences of the mail service, but would the name of a State be safe from the assaults of the Savants of the Swatted Names?

There was some good sense in the widely favored movement to name this country Columbia instead of United States; in Washington Irving's suggestion to call it Allegheny, or Alleghenia; in William Gilmore Simms' contention for Appalachia; and in Justice Story's stand for Hesperia; but there is no sense in butchering real Indian names—as old as the hills, we might say, just to show

off ill-spent authority vested in smart and egotistic chumps.

A RELIC FROM THE PAST.

Workmen engaged in clearing a lot in Seattle, recently, uncovered a loaded six-inch shell, with the fuse attached and unburned. According to Secretary T. W. Prosch of the Chamber of Commerce, the Fairhaven (Wash.) *World-Herald* says, it is evident that this shell has been lying where it was found for nearly half a century, his opinion being that it had been fired on the memorable Jan. 14, 1856, when, as he says, "the United States gunboat Decatur lay in the harbor and all day long fired solid shot all over this entire town site to disperse the large bodies of Indians." This reminds us of a similar shot which was picked up near Blaine a few years ago and was being used with heated rocks to boil some water in a barrel out of doors when the old shell exploded, fortunately while everyone was in the house, knocking the fire in every direction and jarring the nerves of the people who didn't know it was loaded. Relics of days gone by are being discovered with such frequency in Washington that the State Historical Society will soon be able to exhibit to the curious minded a decidedly interesting collection.



SOUTH DAKOTA'S PRESENT STATE CAPITOL AT PIERRE.



A MINNESOTA YARN.

Harry Clay Blaney, the young comedian of the "Across the Pacific" Company, tells a good story of how he was once beaten by a lot of old hayseeds in a little town in a remote part of Minnesota. He was doing advance work at the time, and on a bitter cold day was seated by a stove in the hotel office. The usual lot of old country loungers were present, and the conversation was turned upon the subject of a fly's liking for sweets.

"I listened," said Mr. Blaney, "with a great deal of amusement to the various arguments advanced, until finally an old be-whiskered farmer suggested that we adjourn to the bar and try a plan of his to settle all disputes. We did so, and the bar-keeper placed before each of us a small pile of sugar, the man before whom a fly would first alight being obliged to pay for the drinks for the crowd. The result was that a fly first alighted on my sugar and I must pay for the drinks.

"I had become interested, and suggested that we try it again. The result was the same, and so continued until I had filled those old fellows up with hot drinks. The explanation was simple, though. Whenever they get hold of a sucker, the barkeeper puts a pinch of salt in front of each hayseed."

GETTING ACQUAINTED.

A young woman of Puget Sound birth and rearing, who has made her home for three years past in a small Indiana town, says that for tact and diplomacy she knows no one to equal her neighbors there. She had scarcely settled herself in her new home when, one day, she heard a hen cackling in her back yard. She went out to see what could have brought a strange hen into her yard, and found that the fowl had just laid an egg in the wood-box outside the kitchen door. While she was still wondering where on earth the creature had come from, the shock head of a thin and tall girl of twelve years rose from the yard of the house next door.

"Hello!" said the girl.

"Good morning!" answered the Washingtonian.

"We got a-plenty o' eggs," remarked the girl. "Maw says you kin have that one our hen jes' laid in that wood-box of yours."

"Thank you very much," answered the Washingtonian.

The girl still hung on the fence.

"We ain't going to charge you nothin' for it," she went on.

"That's very kind, indeed," answered the new neighbor.

"It's a gift," remarked the girl.

Then there was silence for a few minutes. The girl still clung to her side of the fence.

"Say," she said finally, "maw says now you're acquainted with us folks she'd like to borrow a tack-hammer."

HUMOR IN A STORM.

The elements were all on a toot last Sunday, states the editor of the New Denver (B. C.) *Ledge*. As the day grew old, the storm became more violent. It seemed to favor this office with steady attention. The sign blew down like a feather from a flying goose. The wind howled like a jagified demon, and the rain was copious enough to indicate an attack of diabetes in the heavens. I thought of Galveston. Then I battened down the hatches, tied myself to the big press, and allowed resignation to spread itself slowly over my benign or ten countenance.

After that I rested easier. The lurid flashes of nature's electric-light plant revealed ever and anon the solemnity of the occasion. The rain descended in long sheets of active moisture, and I knew that somewhere rainmakers were working overtime. The office sprang a leak abaft the first smokestack, and I thought of Noah; but it did me no good, as nothing in the building would pair, not even my hosiery. The storm increased in virulence, and the roar on my tin-slatted hurricane-deck was like Niagara. The bulldog howled as though praying in Gaelic; while the mice which have been stealing my paper all summer came out of their holes, and with tears in their eyes begged my forgiveness. Take it all in all, it was the wettest storm this town has had for many moons, and it has made soft water a drug in the market.

WHAT HAPPENED IN A CHURCH.

A funny thing happened to a young lady in a town not far from Athena, declares the Athena (Ore.) *Press*. She was attending church one Sunday evening, and sitting just in front of her she saw a tall, handsomely dressed stranger with a piece of white lint or raveling hanging over his coat-collar. Being a lady of an accommodating disposition,—one of the warm-hearted, whole-souled girls who grow to be motherly old ladies, a friend to everybody in town,—she thought how glad she would be if some kind-hearted girl would do as much for her father if he should come to church with a raveling hanging down his back.

Besides, this thing worried her and ruined the otherwise immaculate appearance presented by the broad neck and well-built shoulders of the stranger; so, as the stranger rose for praying, she concluded to pick it off. Raising her hand, she gave a twitch, but there was more of it than she supposed, and a foot or more of it hung down his back. This was embarrassing, but, with a grim determination to do or die, she gave another yank, and found that she was unraveling his undershirt.

It is needless to say that her embarrassment was then so painful that chloroform could not have alleviated her suffering, nor a pint of powder hidden her blushing when the gentleman turned, with an inquiring look, to see what was tickling his neck.

He got hold of something and began to pull. He kept on pulling until he grew red in the face and weak in the lungs; and all the time the people back of him were trying to choke off their rising merriment. Finally there was no more thread in the neck-band of his machine-made undershirt, and his gyrations came to an end. What he thought, no one will ever know; but the young lady has expressed a determination to hereafter let innocent-looking bits of lint severely alone.

WASTED SYMPATHY.

The Duluth (Minn.) *News Tribune* opines that the best of people in this erratic old world of ours are often misunderstood, and the most worthy motives are frequently misinterpreted. At least a well-known Woodland man and his wife probably thought so a day or two ago after a little incident that happened on a Woodland car, on which they were going home.

Shortly after they boarded the car the lady observed a little girl half-asleep in one corner. The car was not very well filled, and the little one was some distance from the other passengers. The woman noticed that no one seemed to be giving the little thing any attention, and it aroused her interest somewhat. She expected, however, that some one was with the child, and that when he or she got off the child would be taken also. But she began to grow just a little concerned when only two people were left and neither of them seemed to be taking the least interest in the child. She finally spoke to her husband, and both wondered. Finally the car stopped, and the other two occupants arose and went out, and—to the surprise of the worthy couple—left the little girl. Then they were truly concerned, the woman working herself into quite an anxious state as to the identity of the waif.

"I think that child is lost," she said, "and we ought to do something about it. Some man probably got on the car with

her and, like most men, who would forget their heads if they weren't fastened on, he got off without her. I don't like to get off and leave her here all alone."

Finally they decided that when they left the car they would take the little girl with them to a near-by grocery store, and report the circumstances to the police department. When the car stoppd for them, the woman stepped across the aisle and reached for the child to take her along. Her humane effort was rudely interrupted with:

"Hey, there! what are you doing with that kid?"

It was the conductor who spoke, and he continued:

"She's all right where she is."

"Why, who-o-es is she?" stammered the lady.

"She's mine, and I'm taking her for a ride," replied the conductor, while the anxious couple hurried off the car and out of sight.

THE TREACHEROUS WAITER.

Harry is one of those modest young men who are brought up at home with a lot of sisters and never know what it is to be out late at nights or on Sunday unless some of the girls go with them. He finally joined the Y. M. C. A., the Seattle (Wash.) *Argus* says, but even then his modesty and diffidence were not dissipated. He never played pool, never did anything that was not strictly proper.

He is a pale young man with a high stand-up collar that is always clean. If he meets a friend on the street, he hurries by to avoid conversation. All the parties he ever attended were at the home of his pastor or some of the neighbors who belong to his church.

Among other things, Harry has a weak stomach. His mother cooks dainty things for him. Last week Harry was caught down-town, and concluded to make the break of his life and take supper at a restaurant. He made several ineffectual attempts to enter and face the crowded tables, and finally the rain came down so fast and furious that he made the break.

Once in, he would have given money to be outside; but before he knew it he was conducted to a seat. The crowd noticed his diffidence, and he felt as if every eye was turned upon him. It was the most embarrassing situation he had ever been called upon to face, and the blood made his face scarlet. He tried to squeeze himself in the seat out of sight. He nervously put a napkin under his chin, and hoped that the eyes turned upon him would soon center upon someone else. He was conscious of the fact that the regular patrons of the restaurant recognized him as a novice.

Finally the waiter came up briskly, leaned over respectfully, and waited for the order. Harry knew what he wanted; so, in a tone of voice just one degree above a stage-whisper, he meekly and modestly articulated:

"Some milk toast, please."

In a voice that awakened the echoes of the dining-hall; in stentorian tones that could be heard above the noise and clatter of the busy place; like the commands of a captain in a storm, the waiter yelled to the cook far back to the kitchen:

"G-r-a-v-e y-a-r-d s-t-e-w for one!"

SHE SENT THE BOX.

Frank R. Johnson is the agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company at Tacoma, states the *News* of that city. The fact that he is a bachelor would not need to be mentioned did it not play an important part in the story. Mr. Johnson was figuring on a rate to some point in Europe. He remembered with regret that when he sold a ticket to George Francis Train that took him around the world from Tacoma, he lost twenty-five dollars because he made a mistake in his figures.

A young lady with red hair and a complexion of the tint of peaches and cream stepped daintily into the ticket-office.

"I beg your pardon," said she, sweetly, "but can you tell me just what I will have to do when I send a box to Hongkong?"

"Yes, madam, I shall be delighted," replied the ticket-agent. "We will agree to deliver the box safely at Hongkong from one of our steamers. Kindly let me look at the box."

"So good of you," cooed the young lady. "Now, here is the box," she continued, as she placed on the counter a neatly wrapped package about the size of a dripping-pan.

"Before I accept this," said the ticket-agent, "I must have an inventory of what it contains, so that it can be cleared from the customs-house."

The young lady blushed deeply.

"Must you know what is in the box?" she asked, with a cute, quizzical expression on her face.

"Yes," said the bachelor, coloring perceptibly, as though blushing had become contagious.

"Then you can just say lingerie."

"No, madam. I cannot say lingerie without specifying. It is against the law."

"Well, then, you may write it down as I tell it to you. Are you ready?"

The bachelor's hand was unsteady as he grasped the pencil. Nerving himself for the ordeal, he looked up for her to proceed.

She looked out of the window dreamily as she began:

"One chemise."

The bachelor was plainly becoming agitated. He would soon break down.

"Two nightgowns," said the sweet-voiced girl; but the bachelor was undone.

"Madame, may I ask you to write the list," said he pleadingly.

Then she took the pencil, touched the point to her rosebud lips, and wrote the names of things no bachelor ever saw unless he saw them on a clothes-line.



CHAMPION CANE-WALKER OF THE NORTHWEST.



CITY BUILDING — IN — SOUTH DAKOTA.



Wherever one's eyes are turned in the vast region known as the Northwest, one sees startling evidences of progress. Not the slow progress which characterizes the States farther East, but that rapid yet real development born of Western energy and Western thrift and enterprise. No place in South Dakota illustrates this more fully than Aberdeen, the county seat of Brown County. Not long ago the *News* of that city published an edition in which both town and county were described so thoroughly and graphically that we have been asked to reproduce portions of it for the information of the general public—especially that part of the public which is always on the lookout for new homes and new fields of enterprise.

Aberdeen came into being in 1881. Before that time, our contemporary says, the country for many miles around had scarcely known the imprint of a white man's foot. All was wild, unbroken prairie, rich in nutritious grass, but without a vestige of civilization. All there is of this beautiful little city has come into existence since then—not by leaps and bounds, followed by periods of relapse, but by steady progress. Never having had a boom, Aberdeen has never had a set-back or even a temporary depression. Each year has been better than its predecessor. Each season has witnessed the erection of new business blocks, the advent of new enterprise. Trade has always been ahead of the traders, so that each new firm has supplied a want. Last year was a brilliant one for Aberdeen, but the present will surpass it. Building operations will be conducted on a larger scale than ever, and the money that will be spent will be local capital, not borrowed funds. Aberdeen owns her own buildings; the business men have constructed them for their own occupancy. No man in all this broad land can point to a structure in Aberdeen and say that here or there he put in money that brings him no returns. Business has always been good. Every visitor is immediately impressed with this fact, and carries away with him the feeling that "Aberdeen is a good town." The city is not pretentious, being given over wholly to business, but every man who has ever been there cherishes a fondness for it.

The statement that the city has a population of 5,000 conveys no idea of its importance to the Eastern mind. There are many places fully as large in some of the older States that are scarcely more than villages. A man must study its institutions, its commerce, and its position on the map to fully understand it. For one thing, no other city of permanent growth supports so many newspapers. Aberdeen has one daily, one semi-monthly, two monthlies, and four weeklies, all thriving and permanent. Not less than sixty people are steadily employed in the printing business alone.

Eleven churches rear their spires to heaven, all well attended and well supported; and four fine public school buildings, a large parochial and boarding-school, and a business college are filled to overflowing with students from near and far.

A public library, maintained by taxation, contains 2,500 volumes of carefully selected literature, and besides this there is a library of 800 volumes attached to the high school.

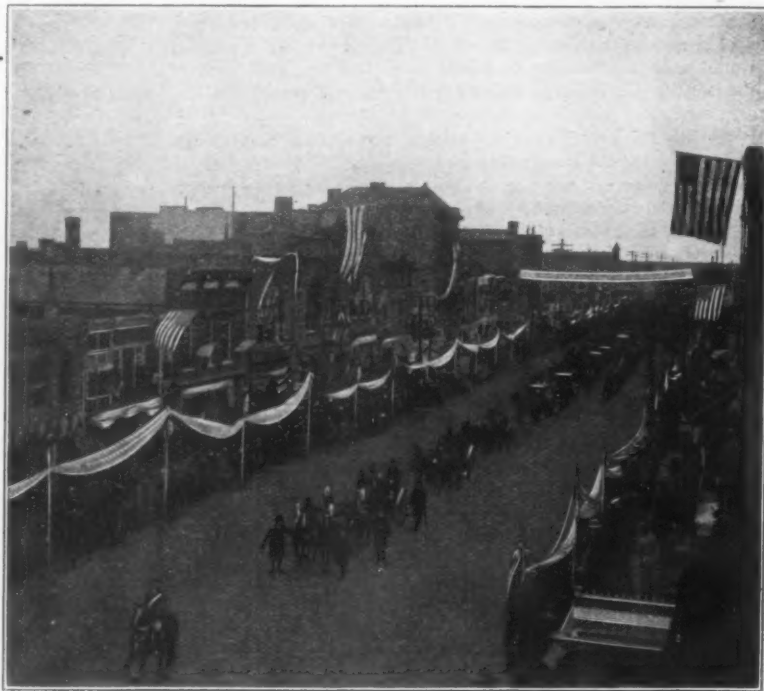
Two terms of United States Circuit Court are held in the town each year, and the city contains the United States land office, where all the public land business for the Aberdeen district is conducted.

Four large jobbing houses are coining money, according to common report and to all appearances, and at least two more such institutions will be established the coming summer. Flour-mills, machine-shops, factories of various kinds, a dozen or more grain elevators, several large transfer houses, and the largest and busiest railroad yards in the State all bear testimony to the importance and worth of the city. Seven lines of railroad in actual operation radiate in as many different directions. From twenty to twenty-five trains arrive and depart daily from these stations.

The streets are well lighted with electricity, there being over six miles of wire strung for this purpose alone. Two and one-half miles of gas mains supply residences and stores. Over two miles of sewers, constructed on a system approved by the best sanitary engineers, carry off waste and help to make the city one of the most healthful on the continent at all seasons of the year. Then there are nearly five miles of watermains which supply water from a depth of a thousand feet below the surface of the earth—the famous artesian wells, the water from which is absolutely free from all trace of animal or vegetable matter, and which furnish a system of fire protection that cannot be excelled by the most expensive apparatus. More than ten miles of finely graded streets cut the city into true parallelograms, and about thirty-two miles of sidewalk, three-fourths of a mile of which is of cement laid last year, make pedestrianism a pleasure.

Over fifty miles of telephone-wire bring households, offices, and stores into close communion. The city is the center of two long-distance telephone-lines that reach every place of importance in the north part of the State. The Western Union Telegraph Company maintains a city office with a large force of operators.

Two national banks, with deposits of upwards of \$400,000 and



SCENE IN MAIN STREET, ABERDEEN, S. D., DURING PRESIDENT M'KINLEY'S VISIT TO THAT CITY.

loans and discounts of \$375,000, are the principal financial institutions, and their capital stock is owned by actual residents of the city.

The stores are the largest in the Dakotas, and carry the best stocks, and half a dozen hotels and as many restaurants cater to the wants of travel, which is heavier here than in any other city of its size on the continent.

Aberdeen is also the seat of government for the largest and



A CHARMING VIEW OF THE JAMES RIVER AT ABERDEEN, S. D.

richest county in the State, and therefore contains the county buildings, court-house, jail, and a large public hospital.

The town's financial standing is A1. Her bonds sell at five per cent, and not a single payment of interest has ever been overdue for a day. Warrants are at par, and those that are not paid on presentation for temporary lack of funds, actually command a premium.

Within five years Aberdeen will have a population of 12,000. Within twenty years the population will be 25,000. Her tributary territory is so rich and vast, her position so commanding, that no limit can be placed upon her growth.

Aberdeen's schools deserve more than passing mention. The four fine brick buildings have a valuation of about \$60,000, aside from the furniture, laboratories, apparatus, and the high school library of 800 volumes. Twenty teachers are employed, and the total school enrollment is 1,017. There are five other graded schools in the county, and 163 ungraded schools. A business college, and the academy of the Order of Presentation, a parochial school of large dimensions, add to educational facilities and help to draw pupils from near and far. In manufacturing lines the city has made a fair beginning. It has a harness and saddlery factory, a steam dye works, bakeries, a manufacturing pharmacy, cement works, brickyards, flour-mills, and a large plant for the manufacture of evaporated and desiccative potatoes, which are shipped to all parts of the Union. There are good openings for many other industries, however—such as sugar-beet plants, starch factories, marble works, canning factories, broom-making, etc. The town is in the center of a rich and fast-growing country, and all practical industries would receive adequate support from the outset.

Of course, Aberdeen's solid growth is due largely to its splendid environments. While the town has been making progress the country tributary has been keeping pace, and the improvements upon farms have been no less substantial than those of the city. Commodious farmhouses and big barns have gone up in every direction; mortgages have been paid off, and farmers and stock-raisers have added by purchase to the size of their farms, pastures, and ranges; new farmers have settled upon wild tracts and converted them into improved farms; the value of lands has steadily increased, and prosperity has been general in all directions. The country and the city have gone forward hand in hand at a rate of progress never before equaled in a country which was nothing but a wide expanse of unbroken, uninhabited prairie so few years before. The progress

has been truly phenomenal; but it has only just begun, and the next two decades will witness a development still more surprising than that of the past. The people living in older States are just beginning to realize the possibilities of this region, and the present year, young as it is, finds hundreds of them coming here to reap the wealth which is at the hand of every man with a little capital who will intelligently enter into the feeding of stock upon the native grasses or the raising of wheat, corn, and other grain upon the rich soil of the still unoccupied prairies.

Brown County is a small State of itself, not only in extent, but in wealth and variety of resources. It is thirty-six miles east and west, by forty-eight miles north and south. The total assessed valuation of the county, for purposes of taxation, which is far below the actual value, was \$8,358,770 for 1899. While the largest city in this county is Aberdeen, with a population of about 5,000, the county stood second in South Dakota, being exceeded only by Minnehaha with an assessment of only \$700,000 greater, although it contains the larger city of Sioux Falls. The James River runs through the county north and south, so that the county is located entirely in the famous James River Valley. With 185 miles of railroad in operation in the county, five flour-mills, many excellent local markets, the best of school advantages, and land upon which wheat, corn, and all kinds of grain and live stock thrive, Brown County is as certain to prosper in the future as it has in the past.

HISTORICAL SPECULATIONS.

Nearly one hundred and seventy years ago Le Baron La Hontan, a French explorer of some note, visited the region of the Inland Lakes, and, if one may credit his memoirs of travel, he visited Cass, Winnibigoshish, and Leech lakes. It cannot be determined that he pushed his inquiry farther up the great river than Cass Lake, which was then considered by the whites as the head of the river. Describing the aboriginal population he came in contact with, he says:

"Le sauvages du nord ouest n'eurent pas gouvernement civil."

He describes their manners and customs quite as we now find them, but the tendency then was more toward savagism than today. What effect a century and three-quarters of active life and contact with what we term civilization has wrought, says the Cass Lake (Minn.) *Times*, can perhaps be determined by comparison. In those days every brave was a law unto himself; he knew no supreme power above him but the Great Spirit, whom he feared only as he revealed his power in the warring elements.

A comparison of the moral status of the tribes of the two periods will not give results entirely favorable. Then the "noble red man" knew not the taste or effect of intoxicants; his "untutored mind" was never influenced or inflamed by use of the vile rum of his white brother. He was then the son of nature, a creature of the wild forest which surrounded him and gave him sustenance, a naturalness which finds no counterpart now.

William Morrison, the first white man who saw Lake Itasca, the source of the Mississippi, testifies in unmistakable terms of the simple, unselfish life of the red men who came to his trading-post, and their simple and happy home-life in their wigwams on the shores of these beautiful lakes. A patriarchal government was quite all that was needed to govern them; yet wanton crime involving moral turpitude was invariably punished. Homicide among them was rare; no Indian took the life of his brother Indian or of a white man without incurring the contempt of his tribe, and the commission of such crimes was followed by such condign punishment as the chiefs and the tribes deemed meet and proper. We find no evidence in an examination of their simple system of jurisprudence that punishment was inflicted for the sole purpose of deterring others from the commission of similar crimes;—punishment was resorted to only to protect the weak from the brutality of the strong.

In many respects their rules of conduct and their laws of equity were so true to right doing and to right dealing that they might well be imitated by their white brothers, who are supposed to possess superior intelligence. This may not have been true of all Western tribes, but it was true of many of them.

AMONG GIANT PEAKS OF THE NORTH.

BY ROBERT S. DUNN.

Excepting Mount St. Elias, no mountain in Alaska over 10,000 feet has ever been ascended. Alaska offers a virgin field to Alpinists; but the fact that no summits have been gained is answered, of course, by the unexampled remoteness and ruggedness of the country; by the fact that mountains of great heights, almost bordering the Arctic circle, are embarrassed by climatic conditions paralleled nowhere else on the globe. All Alaskan Alps are prohibitively far from a food supply; no trails reach them. A man must be both packer and pioneer to cross the interminable stretches of swamp and forest that surround them, and ford and swim horses across the violent and treacherous glacial streams. All the professional climbers are men who spend a variable vacation in mountain lands, and cannot lose a month getting to the base of action and a month returning. But neither Conway nor Fitzgerald has yet turned to Alaska; and this is very significant of the difficulties to be overcome. Edward Whymper devoted the last years of his life to this land, but made but one notable ascent.

So far as the peaks themselves are concerned, the chief barriers to successful ascent are these: In the interior the short, hot summer of unending daylight leaves a vast barren stretch of crumbling shale at a very acute angle between tree- and snow-line. The mountains rise from a low plain, seldom exceeding 1,000 feet, making the actual climbing to be done upon, say, a mountain of 15,000 feet, about double that necessary in mountain ranges which rise from a high plateau, such as the Swiss Alps and Caucasus. Tree-line is at 2,000 feet or less; snow-line in summer about 7,000 feet. Oil or wood must be packed this distance, which lies over many perpendicular ascents of crumbling rock; and one is subject to incessant landslips and to snowslides at all seasons of the year. The mountains are almost daily swept by snow blizzards, and are often

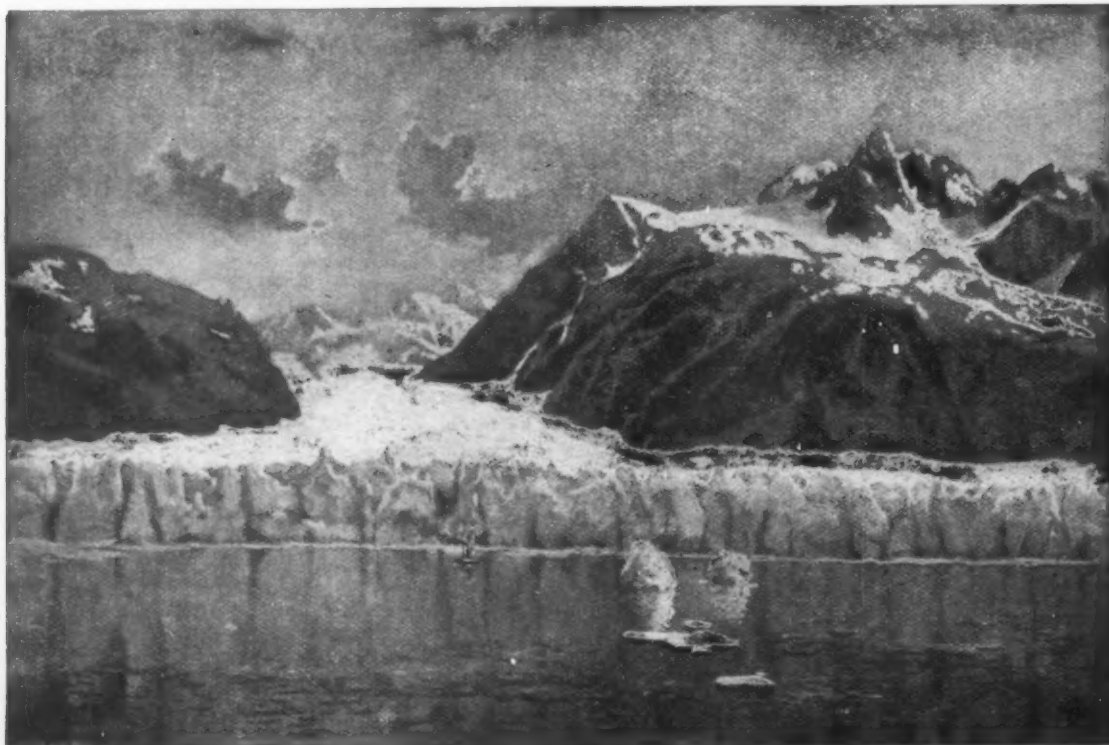
obscured by storm and cloud for ten days or more at a stretch, making the necessary camp at snow-line precarious or impossible.

The peaks of the Wrangel group, except Mount Wrangel, are probably ancient craters, blown out from the plain level, and are thus extremely rugged. Their smoother slopes bristle with aiguilles. On the coast, where precipitation is as great as in any part of the world, tree- and snow-line meet, at almost sea-level. Mount St. Elias was ascended in 1808 by the Prince of Savoy and a cohort of Swiss guides, only after spending some months establishing food caches at short intervals between base and summit. The party waited for clear weather, which may come once a summer in that region, and made a dash for the summit. They reached it in a hysterical condition. Their efforts closed a chapter of unsuccessful attempts upon St. Elias covering over a quarter-century.

From our camp at the base of Drum, Mount Wrangel bore east 32 degrees north. On August 12 we started to cut trail toward it, keeping to the green, lower slopes of the Drum, and traveling along tree-line. Storms again shut out the mountain, and we fought for two days among chaotic ridges, dragging our horses through incessant jungles of head-high brush, and unable to see a stone's throw in any direction. Except for compass direction, we were utterly lost. On the third day we switch-backed down the mountainside to the broad valley of a large and unknown glacial river. It was flanked on the east by the rugged range of snowless mountains that had appeared from the Klutana River to be outer ramparts of the great volcano. We followed this river to its glacial source. It turned rapidly east till we came to the ranges of low mountains at tree-line, and dull ice and snow pouring like a frozen Niagara over a broad rend in the eastern mountains. This was the seventh day of incessant rain.

Sometimes the scud is from the southeast, and there is a choking smell in the air, as if hot stones struck together. Sometimes at twilight the clouds lift over the glaciers in plummy orange fringes, and we see the slant block walls of two lower craters, like the upturned caps of certain toadstools. The glacier sweeps between them.

The next day we climbed to the summit of the Serac. The



THE GREAT DAVIDSON GLACIER, ALASKA, ONE OF MANY VIRGIN ATTRACTIONS WHICH SUMMON ADVENTUROUS ALPINISTS TO THE WHITE NORTH.

valley cleared for an hour, all fresh with burning greens and purples on the dizzy slant of the mountainsides. It resembled the landscape of a Japanese painter. But no artist, living or dead, has conceived the brilliant, iridescent coloring of these inland Alpine valleys; here is an untouched field for some great colorist; the brilliancy, the variety of the coloring almost offends until you realize tardily that it is, after all, Nature's, and so is right and beautiful.

It was beginning to clear. Storm-clouds swept up the mile-wide gravel-bed of the tiny stream, and trailed smoky gold over toothed ridges, over aiguilles like crooked fingers, and flat, red, lava uplands. The blizzard broke, and broke in snow. A cloud of ptarmigan, driven down from above, fell upon the glacier as if shot on the wing, cried chuck-a-pee-pee, chuck-a-pee-pee, and vanished into the gray abyss, where slides were roaring above the stream's shout, and the glacier cracked—now like shivering oak-beams, now like thunder. It was a landscape in hell!

Yet paradise was not distant. The one speck of land in our blind sphere of whirling snow was the thin, upright slab of red volcanic rock to which we clung. As we faced where the glacier should be, with our backs to the valley, an evanescent halo formed about us. We turned around, and it seemed as if some one had lit a candle. We groped a way on a knife-edge out over the valley. The glow did not increase, yet each time we turned toward the glacier, the blizzard out there had grown bluer and clearer, with a singular metallic luster.

Suddenly the snow fell lazily, and the valley-floor came up through the mists—misty, green gold, with the stream like a blue-steel wire or like fantastic scratchings upon a metal plate. High in the sky a blue mist opened against the sun; we looked into a furnace-mouth through crinkling heat, for the whirling snow made the atmosphere like water into which spirit has been freshly poured. It was light now; a quiet golden haze swam all around. The iridescent valley opened out, evenly painted by the clearing shower. The crater walls behind dawned through the ceasing snow, so dim and vast and high that for a moment we believed them the main sweep of the mountain. They drank in the sunset gold, but sent only a dead white, porcelain-like glamour. It was too delicate, too attenuate to be any but the first light created in the world. It held—only a wealth of color. It was something from the upper sky that should come to earth only with great inspiration or pestilence.

The wide avenue of the glacier opened into the mountain's heart, and turned south around this crater toward the great aerite. It was an easy pathway, and singularly broad and inviting. Behind it towered the tusk-like peak we had seen from far on the north slope of the mountain, and southward toward the great crater began the generous sweep of wide ridges joining rocky nubbles that were like big beads on a blackthorn stick. The near glacier walls were lava, very black, and were as if men had carved and graded a way for the ice-fields. Two orange brows of snow closed overhead, passed up the swathe, and all the mountain snows took flame.

It was past 10 o'clock at night when we reached the valley floor. Fresh bear-tracks, ten inches in length by careful measurement, crossed and recrossed our way over slit and boulder. Westward the snow walls of Mount Drum were a deep, phosphorescent blue, and its peak a crooked twig held over the zenith clouds. When the sun had set, the moon rose. For long it fell only on the high, looped ridge of Wrangel, southward from the tusk, and under it quiet and incandescent. Then a ghost of daylight fell over the painted valley.

Wrangel we shall not try to climb, this year at least. It is getting dangerously near the earthquake period. Ash has been coming more freely from the west this year than last, and men in the valleys believe the frosts will pitch more wrathfully this season; what of the crumbling cliffs and needles and splitting glacier then? We shall be lucky if we can reach Klutana River on half-rations, and not be hungry. As for conquering this mountain, whither the childlike Siwashes went to "looksey—pouff-pouff," and never returned—better leave that for the Montana packer and his dog-team. They are better adapted to succeed in this particular enterprise. We are not partial to earthquakes; in fact, the glacier climbing we have already done will fill us with deep satisfaction for some time to come.

TOBACCO CULTIVATION IN CANADA.

A great increase is noticeable in the cultivation of tobacco in Canada during the last few years, says a Canadian paper. It was thought for a long time that Canadian tobacco would never become a factor of any importance in the trade, but it has now been conclusively proven that the Canadian farmer can grow tobacco quite as good for plug smoking and chewing as that produced in any of the States of the Union. The number of factories in Canada manufacturing home-grown tobacco has increased since 1895 from ten to twenty-seven, and the number of cigar factories using Canadian tobacco has increased during the same period from two to fifteen. It has been found to be impossible, however, to grow a satisfactory wrapper, although it is claimed that the Canadian sample is as good as that grown in any of the States of the South, Virginia excepted. The manufacturers, therefore, both in Canada and the United States, use the Virginia wrapper very largely, the filling being of home-grown tobacco. This is not done with the intention of defrauding the consumer, as the fact that the foreign wrapper is used is not in the least kept secret, but the public prefer the appearance of the lemon-yellow tobacco as a wrapper, and the filling speaks for itself.

Heretofore the cultivation of tobacco in this country has been confined to Eastern Canada, but during the last few years it has received attention from farmers in a portion of the Okanagan Valley, British Columbia, and has given very encouraging returns. Canadian-grown tobacco is now meeting with much favor, as the following facts show: In 1895 only 5.6 per cent of the tobacco consumed in Canada was home-grown, while in the fiscal year 1898-99, the percentage had risen to 26.21 and for the first six months of 1899-1900, 36.2 per cent of the total consumption was home-grown.

Many Canadians seem to regard the home-grown tobacco as little better than "cabbage-leaf," but this is doubtless due to ignorance and to the too common habit of looking upon local productions of all kinds as being inferior to the imported articles until their merits have been conclusively established. It is asserted by expert buyers that the Canadian tobacco is quite as good as that produced in the United States.

ALL IN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

A quarter of a century ago, when the wild West was virgin land and pasture, there was plenty of room for both cattle and sheep, but as the country has filled up and the area of untenanted or unclaimed land has shrunk, the two branches of live stock have been driven in upon each other more and more, until they are now in contention for possession of the same field. Little by little the herders and punchers have been forced from the plains up into the mountains. Western Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas, the western portion of Oregon and Washington, and all of California, which were once free ranges, have become less and less available. Even Colorado and Utah, and a portion of Wyoming, because of the advance of farmers and miners, afford a constantly shrinking pasturage.

IF I CAN LIVE.

If I can live
To make some pale face brighter, and to give
A second luster to some tear-dimmed eye,
Or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by;

If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,
My life, though bare
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us of earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy,
Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,
Is bidding cloud give way to sun and shine;
And 'twill be well;

If on that day of days the angels tell
Of me, "she did her best for one of Thine."

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.



ESTABLISHED 1883 BY E. V. SMALLEY.

Entered at the Post Office in St. Paul as second-class matter.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is published monthly by the E. V. Smalley Publishing Company from its offices Cor. Sixth and Jackson Sts., St. Paul, Minn.

THE TRADE is supplied from the office of the Magazine, and also by The American News Co. of New York, and the Minnesota News Co. of St. Paul.

ADVERTISING RATES: Per agate line, display, 25 cents; per inch, \$2.80. Reading notices, 40 cents per line count.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2.00 per year, payable in advance. New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

THE POSTAGE to all parts of the United States and Canada is paid by the Publishers. Subscribers in Europe should remit 50 cents in addition for ocean postage.

REMITTANCES should be made by Post-Office Money Order, Bank Draft, Express Money Order, or by Registered Letter. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

DISCONTINUANCES. The publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his magazine stopped.

CONTRIBUTIONS are solicited on all interesting Northwestern topics. Stamps must be inclosed for return postage on manuscripts.

ALL mail should be addressed to

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,
Cor. Sixth and Jackson Sts., ST. PAUL, MINN.

No. 2. Vol. XIX. FEBRUARY, 1901. Nineteenth Year.



In the boot and shoe world a name may not be everything but it is a great deal. The name of FOOT, SCHULZE & COMPANY on any brand of footwear stamps it as the best that skill, long experience and established reputation can produce. Dealers find that it makes trade.

FOOT, SCHULZE & COMPANY are the oldest, largest, and best shoe manufacturers in the Northwest, and they always expect to be. When you visit their immense factory and salesrooms at the corner of Third and Wacouta streets, St. Paul, you will see that in point of equipment, grade of goods manufactured, prices, and in the variety of lines shown, their factory and its products stand at the head.

Out of this factory any boot and shoe dealer can stock his store complete. There are the finest and most stylish shoes for men, elegant foot apparel for ladies and misses in all prevailing fashions, and the neatest and most durable lines of children's shoes ever made. FOOT, SCHULZE & COMPANY also make a specialty of heavier and stronger boots and shoes for farmers, miners and lumbermen, the quality of these goods being well known throughout the Northwest, and even in far-off Alaska.

In a word, FOOT, SCHULZE & COMPANY know what the trade and the people require, and these are the kind of goods they make. You can buy the finest-finished dress shoes of them for the reception room, or the just as well-made but stronger and less expensive footwear intended for logging-camps, mountain wear and farm service. They are makers of boots and shoes for the people. FOOT, SCHULZE & COMPANY are also Northwestern agents for Goodyear's India rubber glove overshoes, a large line of which is carried in stock constantly. Dealers know that Goodyear's rubber goods are the best in the market.

Boots and shoes that are well made are half sold. The trade knows this; and this is why thousands of Northwestern boot and shoe dealers stock up on goods manufactured by FOOT, SCHULZE & COMPANY—the oldest, largest, and best shoe manufacturers in the Northwest.



MR. J. H. LATHROP's contribution on "The Mound-Builders in the Copper Country of Michigan" is certain to attract wide attention because of its unusual merit and interest. The painstaking author is chief clerk of the great Calumet and Hecla Mining Company at Calumet, Mich., and no one, perhaps, is better qualified by study, research, and practical knowledge to treat of the strange people that at one time inhabited this country. Although descriptive of metals and primitive mining methods, the article contains ample material for an all-absorbing romance of prehistoric times. It is so graphically written, and the thought is so simple and clear, that one can almost see the ancient miners at work in their storage-pits and excavations.

* * *

FOR the first ten months of 1900 the flour exports from Puget Sound aggregated 963,568 barrels, valued at \$2,734,864, an increase in twelve months of more than ninety per cent. Flour shipments from these ports have been growing larger and larger for several years past, but during 1900 the gain was remarkable, even with two months yet to hear from. A year ago Puget Sound ranked eighth in the volume of its flour exports, but the Government report for November gives it sixth place, with San Francisco a close seventh. In view of the unsettled state of affairs in China, Puget Sound's best export customer, the above figures may be taken as a truly conservative estimate of the immense magnitude which this business may be reasonably expected to assume within the next decade.

* * *

WE are so prone to look upon Alaska as a very remote and a very uncivilized Territory, that any evidence of material enterprise therein engages our attention at once. We do not realize that settlement in this northern possession is going forward rapidly, that towns and embryo cities are being founded, that railways are being constructed, that great ocean steamship lines are running to Alaskan ports regularly, and that in a few years the trade and commerce of this country will attain a magnitude now undreamt of. But all this is shown in the third annual edition of the *Skagway Daily Alaskan*, a large, finely illustrated sixteen-page paper that would do credit to any town of 30,000 population. Its pages are neat typographically, the contents are well written and interestingly varied, and the numerous well-worded advertisements bear witness to a high order of mercantile and industrial enterprise. Such an edition is merely a forerunner of Alaskan possibilities—a shadowing forth, as it were, of coming greatness.

* * *

THE average mind will utterly fail to grasp the significance of the statement that forty-six and one-fourth tons of virgin gold was received at the Seattle assay office during the year 1900. It is easy for a common mortal to arrive at accurate conclusions respecting a ton of coal, but when the term is applied to gold the mind wanders vaguely and mental computations fail one completely. Forty-six tons of gold—yellow gold! Forty-six tons of nuggets and dust rifled from Northern creeks and rivers and ledges within one year's time! Seventeen million dollars' worth came from the Klondike; nearly five millions came from Alaska—of which the Cape Nome District furnished about four millions; and \$667,000 came from British Columbia camps. The total assay value of all these tons is \$22,038,775. Forty-six tons of gold would really occupy but an insignificant floorage space in any warehouse, yet one's first conception of it assumes pyramidal proportions. An ounce nugget held in the hand seems larger than a pound potato, and a ton of the precious metal is magnified into wealth incalculable.

It is exceedingly restful to read in the *Seattle Times* an editorial willingness to let Tacoma have its way and call Mount Rainier Mount Tacoma, or Tahoma, as it wishes. This conflict of names has been in progress many years—not even the dictum of the Government being able to quell it. In the early days on the Sound, Seattle opposed the name Tacoma lest it help to advertise its sister city; but the *Times* thinks that all necessity for such opposition is a thing of the past now, and that a bit of charity in the matter would be both graceful and timely. And we are of the opinion that our contemporary is right. It is unfortunate that Vancouver named the mountain at a period that antedates the naming of Tacoma, but if the Indian name of the lofty peak was "Tahoma,"—corrupted to Tacoma by the early settlers,—it certainly seems right and best that that name should be applied to it today. It is a better name, a more beautiful name, and it means something to the American people.

* * *

If life is sustained by the electro-chemical force existing in salt, and if the injection of the right solution of sodium chloride into a man's veins is all that is necessary to renew the beating of a run-down heart, then the prolongation of one's existence may extend indefinitely. The Chicago savants who made the discovery have announced it to the world, but they have not informed an inquiring public as to just what constitutes the right solution. Doubtless they will make a free statement of their theory to physicians at large, however, so that every family doctor may have it in his power to put its efficacy to the test. Nevertheless, it will be well not to place too great reliance on this new elixir. There have been other elixirs, and they went down in inglorious failure. Afflicted mortals seek relief through every possible, and sometimes through impossible, channels; but in the future, as in the past, it is more than probable that threescore years and ten will prove the utmost limit of a man's life—save in those few instances when existence is prolonged until it becomes a burden and a sorrow.

* * *

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S gift of \$200,000 to the city of Seattle for a new public library building to replace the one recently destroyed by fire is a notable example of private benefaction. The conditions imposed are rather onerous, it is true, since a maintenance fund of \$50,000 annually will be a heavy tax upon the citizens, but this does not lessen the greatness of the multimillionaire's liberality. It is noticeable that whenever Mr. Carnegie donates money for library purposes, he at the same time makes sure that something shall be done by the recipients in order to render the benefit a permanent one. This illustrates his wise foresight. An empty public library building may be a thing of beauty exteriorly, but it is a poor promoter of educational interests. Back of the building must be books, and back of the books must be abundant funds with which to meet running expenses and to maintain the library in a state of excellence. The great iron and steel magnate knows this, and with all his gifts runs the sensible provision that the beneficiaries shall assume a part of the burden. Carnegie libraries are now numerous. They are to be found in nearly every State in the Union, and their number is increasing rapidly. There are many ways of disbursing surplus individual wealth, but Mr. Carnegie seems to have hit upon one of the best of them.

* * *

WITH the introduction of ornamental school fads and the growing disposition of legislators to assume control of human affairs in general, American citizens are rapidly approaching the time when they will be so strenuously governed that a rapid-transit line to Mars or to any other foreign planet will be most desirable. The marriage law now before the Wisconsin Legislature is a mingling of sense and nonsense that is simply ludicrous. Each county is to have an examining board of three physicians, one of whom may be a woman. Every candidate for marriage—men and women alike—must go before this board

and submit to a critical physical examination, like so much livestock; and any one of a long list of ailments shall bar issuance of license. Should such a law be enacted, there would be few marriages in Wisconsin. Neither man nor woman would submit to a physical inspection of such a nature. It would be an outrage on decency and self-respect—the more so since the bill does not provide that a woman physician *must* be on the examining board. The law should prevent the marriage of idiots, lunatics and the mentally infirm; it should interpose a barrier to the union of persons who are almost certain to have terribly diseased offspring; and it should forbid the marriage of males and females who are under age. To go further than this is to invite almost universal immorality. Love is no respecter of persons, and love will find a way.

* * *

THERE are several sides to this marriage question. It isn't always the union of healthy human animals that returns the largest blessing and the greatest revenue to the general public. If one searches health statistics, one will find that the largest percentage of non-diseased persons is found among the ignorant classes. Disease has wider sway among business, professional and intellectual men than it has among unthinking and unprogressive people, and, no matter what laws are enacted, this state of affairs will always exist. There are those who believe that an active, achieving brain in a diseased body is worth infinitely more to the world than a dead brain in a healthy body. State Legislatures have better work to do than to pass too stringent marriage laws. They can insist upon a higher standard of knowledge for medical practitioners—they can reasonably wish to know why the doctors of today have no better control of fevers, rheumatism, epilepsy, paralysis, kidney troubles, heart ailments, and all the long list of diseases than their brethren of fifty years ago; they can establish and maintain free sanitariums for the treatment and care of the infirm; they can improve the sanitary condition of towns, cities, and country; and they can make it possible, by wise legislation, for toiling humanity in stores, offices, and workshops to have greater leisure for rest and recreation.

* * *

THE present deluge of fiction doubtless has its inspiration in a fiction-loving era. There are periods, it would seem, when the reading world is too mentally indolent to absorb the higher knowledge which is supposed to leaven philosophy, history, and the sciences—periods in which the mind universal seeks recreation rather than ballast, and finds it in that species of literature which we call the novel. There is something wonderfully fascinating about a well-designed and well-told tale; in his hour of leisure the most illustrious statesman will prefer a romance to a treatise on political economy, and the most erudite jurist will choose a mental stimulus in a David Harum rather than from a calf-bound volume of legal precedents. The great financial successes to which a number of recent novels have attained have put a premium on such work, until it would seem as if the whole world of writers had turned to story-tellers in search of the wealth and fame which lies in seventh editions. Not since the days of Scott's Waverley series have successful writers of fiction been so well rewarded as they are today. We have all the schools—the Russian, the Polish, the Scottish, the realists, the idealists, the individual phenomenon, and the scientific romanticist who charms with half imagery, half truth. Many novels of the day are so painstaking in local coloring and in characterization that they give one an accurate knowledge of subjects which ordinarily require separate study. In Hamlin Garland's "Eagle's Heart," for instance, is a perfect history of a cowboy's life on the great plains and amid cattle-ranches and camps, as well as a most interesting story of love-illuminated adventure. It is to be hoped that writers of fiction feel their responsibility. Good fiction is morally and mentally elevating, but purely sensational fiction is mentally and morally degrading.



The Macmillan Company of New York and London has issued a sixty-eight page brochure, under the title of "Notes for the Guidance of Authors," which will be heartily appreciated by all who have dealings with these noted publishers. The notes were compiled by William Stone Booth, and contain valuable suggestions touching the preparation of manuscript, how to submit it to a publisher, forms of agreement between author and publisher, proof-reading, the division of words, and everything that an author ought to know. It will be sent to any address on the receipt of twenty-five cents.

* * *

The latest musical compositions of Mr. Henry Dellafield, of St. Paul, are two songs entitled "The Shirt-Waist Man" and "My Chocolate Cream." They are of a decidedly original character—so much so that they are creating quite a sensation among the professionals. Both are on the popular order. Mr. Dellafield wrote "The Shirt-Waist Man" while at a recent meeting of the Elks, of which order he is a member; and it proved so catchy and fascinating a melody that "the boys" could not help singing it on their way home. "My Chocolate Cream," although of a somewhat different style, has a very beautiful strain, and is now being sung by Mr. Barnes of "Barnes and Sisson," who is with the Hopkins Trans-Oceanic Company. Mrs. Louis Nash, to whom "The Shirt-Waist Man" is dedicated, will sing it at the Elks' next minstrel performance, later in the season. Mr. Dellafield is to be congratulated upon his certain success.

* * *

"From the Prairies" is the title of a little book of poems by Maude De Vere Krake, of Fessenden, N. D. There are sixty-three pages of verse that gives promise of something still better in the future. Miss Krake is a contributor to this magazine; she possesses diversified talent, and ought to make sure progress in the field of literature. A number of the poems in this little book are not faultless, but there are others that ring sweet and true, and which give evidence of real poetic merit. One of these is entitled "The Best Allus are on Top," and from it we quote the following stanzas:

"When you're put in false positions,
And abused by lies too strong,
You don't have to stand and take it,
Let 'em know that they are wrong.
If folks want to kick, why, let 'em,
But don't let 'em kick you out;
Though I wouldn't give folks chances
Fer to start a row about.

"There is room fer everybody,
And a place fer everyone,
But you can't sit still and get there,
There's some climbin' to be done;
And when goin' up life's ladder
Don't let go your hold and drop,
Weaker ones can't pull you downward,
The best allus are on top."

The volume is from the press of the Scroll Publishing and Literary Syndicate of Chicago, and is dedicated to the author's parents.

* * *

Many of the short stories which appear in the public prints of the present day are stories in name only; they lack art and interest from beginning to end, and regular readers of given newspapers and periodicals soon acquire the habit of passing them by in disgust. It is truly delightful to turn from such a mess of pottage to the book of "Short Story Masterpieces" just issued

by the Jamieson-Higgins Company of Chicago. Other short-story books have been published, but it seems to us that the standard and most enduring collection of short stories is contained in the volume in question. Its 325 pages are filled with the most interesting tales of the best American writers; no two of them are at all similar, and not one of them fails in romantic charm and real literary merit. Miss Alice French (Octave Thannet) leads the book with the first story. She is followed by Miss Mary E. Wilkins. General Charles King, Opie Read, Miss Elizabeth Phipps Train, H. S. Canfield, Stanley Waterloo, Howard Fielding, George Ade, Hayden Carruth, Julia Truitt Bishop, Mrs. General George E. Pickett, Garrad Harris, Elizabeth M. Gilmer, William Ray Gardener, Helen H. Gardener, Elizabeth Cherry Waltz, Irving Bacheller, John Habberton, Martha McCullagh Williams, Henry Gallup Paine, Elia W. Peattie, Albert Bigelow Paine, Jeannette Hadermann Walworth, Mrs. Wade Hampton, Jr., Lyon Roby Meekins, and Walter Kennedy. The book is profusely illustrated, containing twenty full-page halftones. It is cloth bound, and handsomely embossed in gold and ink.

* * *

Now that Judge Charles E. Flandrau has published his "History of Minnesota"—originally part of a larger work, the "Encyclopedia of Biography of Minnesota,"—in popular form, it is destined to find its way into a multitude of homes, not only in Minnesota, but throughout the Northwest. In the old form the work was too expensive to admit of its passing into general circulation, but a volume comprising 408 pages and selling for the small sum of \$1.75, comes within the reach of all, and is so handy as a work of reference that it ought to find a place in every library. No one is better qualified to write a history of Minnesota than Judge Flandrau. He is one of the North Star State's pioneers, and he writes of what he knows and of what he has witnessed and experienced. It is in this State that he has spent his life—it is here that he has won honorable distinction and prominence in more than one important station. The contents of the book are so arranged that they are readily available should anyone wish to refer to the volume for specific data. The index points to each separate heading, and under these headings skillful condensation has enabled the author to cover his subject matter thoroughly within the compass of a few pages. For instance, everything that it is necessary to say about Fort Snelling is said within six pages. The Territorial period, the first railway, the Spirit Lake massacre and other Indian uprisings, the constitutional convention, Minnesota's part in the Civil War, the development of agriculture and dairying, the establishment of State institutions, financial conditions, the war with Spain, the Leech Lake Indian episode—all this, and a great deal more, renders Judge Flandrau's history one of special interest and value to those who care to follow the development of a puny Territory into one of the richest and most populous commonwealths in the Union. About 140 pages of the volume are devoted to "Tales of the Frontier," told in Judge Flandrau's best vein. There are twenty-eight stories in all. They have to do with early-day incidents, sometimes pathetic, now and then humorous, and every one of them full of peculiar interest.—Published by E. W. Porter, St. Paul. Price, \$1.75.

UNSPOKEN.

We close the volume which we dearly love,
The song of poet, or the lore of sage,
And though high thoughts our inmost soul engage,
And all our being deeply, strongly move,
Something we miss, for which we vainly grope,—
Something we find, unwritten on the page,
And learn, alas! that hearts in every age
Know not the words to tell their fear and hope.

Dumb are we all; in spite of pen and speech,
We all are hidden by our walls of clay;
Like unknown tongues are they, the words which reach
The soul which sitteth by itself away.
If some bared soul beside our path should lie,
With lowered eyelids would we all pass by.

NINETTE M. LOWATER.

Rock Elm, Wis.

THE BEST-LIGHTED TOWN IN MONTANA.

Livingston, Mont., is the best-lighted town in that big State, and this fact alone has had much to do with the steady, healthy growth of the place. The Eastern man is agreeably surprised to step off the train and to find the place, which has something over 3,000 inhabitants, lighted from end to end with electricity.

This state of affairs is directly due to the enterprise of The Livingston Water-Power Company, which has bridled the famous Yellowstone River right at Livingston. The present capacity is 400 horse-power, and this has been found inadequate to the growing needs of the town. Charles S. Hefferlin is the present head of the company, and he is authority for the statement that cheap water-power, scientifically handled, has resulted in such inexpensive rates that residences, as well as the theatre, hotels, and business houses, are using the electricity generated by his plant.

Something like \$15,000 was spent in improvements last year, and in the near future a like amount will be expended. A new dam is to be built on the Yellowstone, thereby greatly increasing the capacity; and with this added power long feed-wires, to furnish light to Hunters Hot Springs, nineteen miles to the east, and to Bozeman, twenty-five miles away to the west, are mentioned among the possibilities of the future. It is understood that with increased capacity the big shops of the Northern

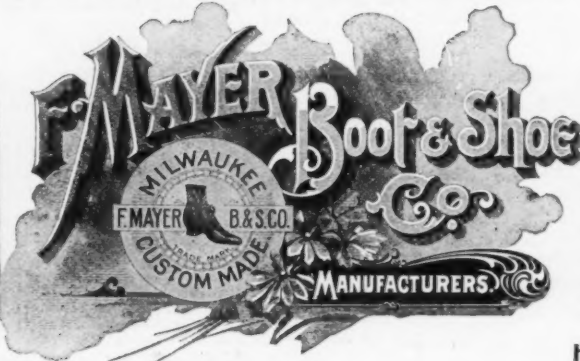
MOUND-BUILDERS IN MEXICO.

The party of Mormon archaeologists and students who left Provo City, Utah, nearly a year ago in an overland trip to Valparaiso, Chile, have arrived in the City of Mexico. They spent some time in the Garcia Valley, in the State of Chihuahua, where they made some extensive excavations and explorations of ancient ruins which had never before been visited by archaeologists. Prof. Benjamin Cluff, who is in charge of the party, says:

"We found a great number of mounds in the Garcia Valley, the date of which is unknown. In the mounds which we excavated we found some well-built houses made of stone, well plastered and most of them having cement floors. The houses usually consisted of two to four rooms, though some of them were larger. They were always in groups or villages, never alone. The whole side of the mountain had evidently been under cultivation, and every ridge had a line of houses. In front, or at the side of each house, we found a wall or terrace from one to six feet high, which had been leveled and used evidently as a garden spot. Down the hillsides and along the ravines we found these terraces at even intervals. They had apparently served as reservoirs for the valley below. In the

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Here We Make the Shoes.



Here We Carry the Stock.

If you want a reliable line of footwear with which you can increase your trade, buy MAYER'S MILWAUKEE CUSTOM MADE SHOES. We make all grades and styles on good fitting lasts that are up-to-date. Our specialties are men's and ladies' FINE SHOES and OXFORDS, but we also make an extremely good line of heavy and medium weight every-day shoes from oil grain, kangaroo kip and calf. Send for samples, or write us, and we will have our salesman call on you.

F. MAYER BOOT & SHOE CO., Manufacturers, Milwaukee, Wis.

Pacific at Livingston will derive their power from this company.



THE BANK OPERA-HOUSE, LIVINGSTON, MONT.—

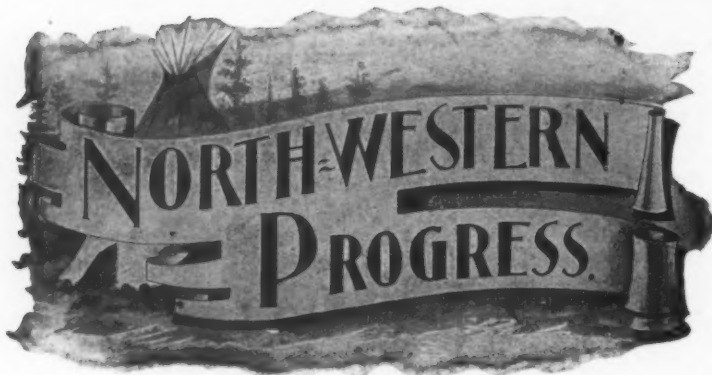
C. S. HEFFERLIN, PROPRIETOR.

Mr. Hefferlin, who represents the progressive spirit of the West, is determined, as head of the company, to spare no effort to furnish plenty of power at the very lowest possible rates.

houses we found crockery, stone implements, and invariably charcoal. In a cave we found some scraps of excellent woolen clothes, also of a flax or linen cloth. It is clear to us, from our investigation, that the cave-dwellers and the mound-dwellers were the same people."

MONTANA'S PICTURESQUE WATERFALL.

The falls of Indian Creek, in Montana, are said to be very grand. The water has a sheer descent of seventy-five feet, with perpendicular walls on either side rising to a height of 200 to 300 feet above the water at the brink of the cataract. A number of persons visited the spot last summer, and succeeded in climbing to the top of the cliffs on one side of the stream. From far up in the mountains the water came tumbling down in a white sheet of froth through a solid rock sluice-box of nature's own manufacture, the walls of which are hundreds of feet in height, and so tortuous in their course that only occasional patches of water can be seen from any given standpoint. The explorers did not pretend to speak with scientific precision, but from appearances they judged that within a distance of a mile above the falls the creek had a fall of at least 500 feet.



WISCONSIN.

The paper-mill industry seems to be booming in Wisconsin. There are six new mills projected, which will cost \$1,200,000.

It is said that the Wisconsin Sugar Company will rebuild the beet sugar factory in Menominee Falls at a cost of \$150,000.

The secretary of the Board of Trade of La Crosse, in his report, makes a total of \$471,350 for the year's improvements.

A total of \$925,000 for improvements in a town of 25,000 inhabitants is not half bad. That's the report from Madison for 1900.

The C. & N. W. will rebuild dock No. 2 at Ashland this winter at a cost of \$125,000. The entire superstructure will be rebuilt.

In spite of the greatly increased cost of materials and higher wages, Milwaukee in 1900 expended \$4,353,051 in new buildings, a slight increase over the preceding year.

Milwaukee mills made about 2,000,000 barrels of flour in 1900, in which they consumed about 9,000,000 bushels of wheat. The daily capacity of the mills is 13,050 barrels, though they seldom run up to it.

The growth of Milwaukee as a great manufacturing center is best seen when it is remembered that the value of the annual product of 1880, \$43,000,000, had grown in 1890 to \$106,263,500, and now, at the close of the century, to \$174,493,778.

The *Advocate* of Merrill says that city will do a booming building business next season. The incoming of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad will contribute largely. A new court-house and high school are among the buildings already in sight.

George A. Whiting will erect a new pulp-mill at Appleton in connection with the Wisconsin River Paper & Pulp Company plant. Work will be begun in the spring. The mill will have 2,000-horse-power, and a daily output of twenty-five tons of pulp.

The largest lumber deal of the year was consummated in Madison recently. The Diamond Match Company purchased of the Jacob Mortenson Company, of Wausau, 30,000,000 feet of lumber, the season's cut of the Wausau Company during 1901. The consideration is over \$500,000.

The treasury department at Washington lists Green Bay for a \$150,000 public building, Manitowoc for a \$75,000 building, Fond du Lac for \$75,000, Baraboo for \$30,000, Waukesha for \$78,000, and Wausau for \$65,000. The appropriations for the buildings at Eau Claire and Janesville may be increased.

MINNESOTA.

The *Post*, of Blue Earth City, figures up a total of \$83,000 for the season's improvements.

The *News*, of New Ulm, figures up \$200,000 as the total of last year's improvements in that city.

The paper-mills at Little Falls, recently destroyed by fire, will be rebuilt on a larger plan.

The Minneapolis building inspector shows up a total of \$4,000,000 from building permits last year, an increase of over \$900,000 on the 1899 total.

Red Wing rolled up a splendid total of \$357,125 in building and other local improvements the past year, \$79,000 more than the previous year, according to the *Daily Republican*.

The report of the Minneapolis city engineer will show that a large number of improvements have been made under his direction. The largest item has been eight miles of sewer, which cost \$172,000.

The *Daily Bulletin*, of Rochester, prints a very complete resume of building operations in that thriving city during 1900. It shows a grand total of \$178,953, an amount which has scarcely been exceeded in any previous year.

During the year 1900 17,300 cars of live stock were received at the St. Paul Union Stock Yards. These cars contained 1,239,000 animals, for which was eventually paid to the producer, through the stock yards, more than \$12,000,000.

At Duluth, last year, 333 permits were taken out for improvements estimated to cost \$383,740. The *News Tribune* figures that while this total is considerably less than that for 1899, there was more actual building in 1900 than in 1899.

The dairy products of Minnesota now aggregate in value nearly \$10,000,000 per annum, and ere long will largely exceed that amount. It is a growing industry. The climate of Minnesota is one of the most healthful in the world for cattle.

According to the report of the State Educational Department, 152 school-buildings were erected in Minnesota the past twelve months, at a cost of \$394,769. This makes the total number of schoolhouses in the State 7,303, with accommodations for 400,000 pupils.

The St. Paul building inspector issued 1,034 permits in 1900 for a total of \$1,779,664. He figures that this is twenty per cent below the actual cost of the buildings, and adding that and \$253,519 for the State Capitol, \$363,000 for the post-office, and \$75,000 for other improvements, arrives at a grand total of \$2,827,115.

The Duluth & Iron Range Railway plans to expend about \$3,000,000 in harbors and docks on Lake Superior, and has now asked the Government for an appropriation of \$400,000 to build a

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Wisconsin Timber Lands.

20,000 acres selected Lands in Barron and Washburn counties, 2 to 5 miles to good towns. Only 2½ hours' ride from St. Paul, Minneapolis, West Superior and Duluth. Watered by Lakes, Springs and Streams. A Magnificent Dairy and Stock Country.

Minnesota Prairie Land.

We have land in Stevens, Grant, Traverse, Big Stone, Wilkin, Red Lake and Marshall Counties, Both Wild and Improved. Well located.

Prices from \$6.00 to \$25.00 per Acre.

Write for Lists and further information.

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C. B. TOWERS, Miles City, Mont.

SAVINGS BANK that tells one's FORTUNE every time a coin is dropped in it. Useful and entertaining. Sample 25c. G. W. Allen, Box 581, New Haven, Ct. Dept. W.

breakwater across Burlington Bay at Two Harbors. The road proposes to build five iron-ore docks there, each to cost \$630,000, and also lumber, coal, and merchandise docks.

IOWA.

A \$50,000 library building is in store for Davenport.

It is proposed to erect a \$40,000 opera-house on the site of the old court-house in Mason City.

According to the *Gazette* of that city, Cedar Rapids spent \$1,540,000 on its 1900 improvements, and has now in sight at least \$1,100,000 more.

Arrangements are practically completed for the establishment of a shoe factory in Sioux City, to be removed from the East.

The new Plymouth County court-house at Le Mars will cost \$75,000, and the Blackhawk County court-house at Waterloo will cost \$110,000.

Andrew Carnegie has agreed to give \$30,000 to Fort Dodge for a public library building, if a site is furnished and a fund secured to maintain the building.

Citizens of the town of Lost Nation are anxious to secure the location of a brick and tile plant, and will lend proper encouragement to the right party. The town is growing fast.

The Des Moines & Northern Iowa Railway will build into Des Moines this spring. An engineering party has begun locating the line between Boone and Des Moines.

Permits were taken out at Des Moines last year for buildings estimated to cost \$1,000,000. The actual expenditure in the completion and equipment of the buildings is estimated to aggregate nearly as much more.

The prospects are good for reopening the Des Moines and Liverpool and the Ellsworth packing-plants in Des Moines. They are now pork-packing plants, but Eastern men have concluded to take them and have extensive improvements made. A special plant will be built, with facilities for slaughtering 1,000 head of cattle and sheep. A canning plant will be put in, and the pork plants enlarged.

NORTH DAKOTA.

The Casselton and Dickey extension of the N. P. has begun regular train service.

Northern Pacific freight records for December show that in Fargo their business was thirty per cent larger than for the corresponding period of last year.

There have been nearly 400 new schoolhouses built in North Dakota the past two years, according to the official records of the department of public instruction.

Bismarck's elegant new hotel, The Northwest, erected by the N. P. Railway Company, is now ready for business. It is modern throughout, and a credit to the city and State.

Arrangements are practically completed for the erection of a beet-sugar factory at Oakes. The factory will have a capacity for 1,000 tons of beets daily at the start, but this will later be doubled. The plant complete will cost \$578,000.

The report of the Secretary of the Interior shows that North Dakota leads the United States in land-office business. The land office at Devils Lake did the greatest business of any office, the receipts of the office for the year being about \$175,000. Many new settlers will be after North Dakota land during the coming year.

Notwithstanding the almost total failure of the crops in the vicinity of Mandan, business men report that sales have been up to last year. The bank deposits are just about as large as a year ago. The condition of business indicates that a good crop will put this section of country forward with much more rapid strides than ever.

Mayville, which two years ago could give its citizens hardly more advantages than those of the ordinary country town, begins the new century with metropolitan airs. During the past two years a fine electric-lighting and water plant has been built, a \$12,000 public library building has been erected—the only building devoted exclusively to library purposes in the State; a system of sewerage has been begun, and a model telephone exchange installed.

The statistical map of North Dakota, issued by the Department of Labor, gives some interesting facts regarding crops in Grand Forks County during last year. The total amount of land under cultivation was 501,668 acres, and the following quantities of grain were raised in 1899: Wheat, 3,966,146 bushels; flax, 375,480; oats, 1,491,365; barley, 491,904; rye, 4,193; corn, 2,735; potatoes, 103,017. The live stock sold amounted to \$142,659, while the assessed valuation of real and personal property amounts to \$9,921,698.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Last year's improvements at Flandreau foot up \$100,000.

A mill and elevator for the Charles Mix County Milling Company, to cost \$15,000, are being erected in Platte.

It is reported that clay suitable for making brick has been found near Evarts, and that Mankato, Minn., parties propose to establish yards in the spring.

The town of Spearfish points with pride to a total of \$65,000 as the value of its building improvements for 1900.

Plans have been prepared for a hotel and opera-house building in Brookings, to cost \$30,000. A stock company to erect it will probably be formed.

The Dakota Mining and Milling Company will erect a 100-ton cyanide plant in Deadwood at once. The Imperial Company, of Pennsylvania, will also erect a 100-ton cyanide plant.

It is estimated that between 400 and 500 dwelling-houses have been built in Lead the past year, and that about \$600,000 has been expended in new buildings, both dwellings and business blocks. The city has nearly completed a sewer system, which will cost about \$50,000, and private parties have erected a fifty-ton cyanide plant at a cost of \$10,000. In addition to these expenditures by citizens, the Homestake Company spent \$250,000 on a cyanide plant, and nearly a million dollars more in bringing water from the Spearfish River. The railroads have also made extensive improvements.

Spearfish has what is probably the most unique, as well as one of the best and cheapest, water-works systems in the country. Spearfish Creek, the largest stream in that region, flows through the place. A new reservoir has just been completed at a cost of about \$2,000. It is constructed in the solid rock, and will last a century. When a new pipe-line now in contemplation is laid to a large spring in what is known as Clemens' gulch, it is estimated that a flow of about eight miner's inches of water will supply the reservoir from the gulch. At present a pumping station forces water into the reservoir, but when the pipe-line is completed, it is expected that the water, entering the reservoir on the gravity system from the spring, will render the pumping station unnecessary except in the hottest and driest months of summer.

MANITOBA FARM LANDS

Intending settlers coming to Manitoba in spring of 1901 will find the following improved farms well worth inspecting:

240 acres, 10 miles from Winnipeg, all wire fenced, 100 cultivated; frame house, 5 rooms; granary with upstairs; milk house with well of excellent water; stabling for 10 horses and 25 head of cattle, implement house, etc. Nice shade trees, good roads to city; school 1 mile. Only \$12.50 per acre, \$1,200 cash.

480 acres clear prairie, 100 wire fenced, 100 cropped; good frame house, stone foundation; log outbuildings for 50 head; granary and two wells of pure water; all for \$4,500—\$1,000 cash, interest 6 per cent. 80 miles from Winnipeg, 8 from railway station. Excellent neighborhood. Fuel 5 miles away, for the cutting.

478 acres, 30 miles from Winnipeg, 3/4 from railway. School, church, store and blacksmith shop on farm. Good frame house and excellent farm outbuildings; two wells of A 1 water, wind mill connecting one; also chopper and wood saw. Plenty of fuel within 3 miles. \$10 per acre. Very easy terms.

100 acres, 17 miles from Winnipeg, 3/4 from station. Good log house and outbuildings, excellent water, 30 acres cropped, 30 acre bush lot with it, all for \$1,000. Easy terms.

2,100 acres, 12 miles from Winnipeg, 8 from station, 900 cultivated and fenced, 250 newly broken and backset. 1800 of it high, dry, arable land; balance hay. Spring creek crosses it. Large frame house, frame stabling for 80 head, granary for 12,000 bushels. \$12 per acre and easy terms for quick sale.

JAMES SCOTT,

Corner Main and Portage Ave. East,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Wild Lands in all good districts of the Province from \$2 per acre up.

If You Really Want to Buy

some of the best farm land in

THE RED RIVER VALLEY

or other parts of

North Dakota or Minnesota,

you should write for prices
and other particulars to

J. B. FOLSOM,

617 Front St. Fargo, N. D.

GOLD! GOLD!! GOLD!!!

Write for Prospectus. Make No Mistake. We have the gold-bearing quartz in massive quantities—have already expended \$63,000 on the properties and in machinery and buildings. Shaft 350 feet deep.

We need money at once for purchase of 40-stamp mill.

PRICE OF STOCK—4 cents per share, \$1.00 each, cash; 5¢ per share on installment plan, eighteen months.

Have no hesitancy in purchasing at once, as this is sure to be a large dividend payer within a very short time. Address all communications to

ASH RAPIDS GOLD MINING CO.,
6TH FLOOR ANDRUS BLDG., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Send all remittances to E. T. LeClair, President.



H.L. BRAUN & CO.

SCIENTIFIC AND DECORATIVE
TAXIDERMIST.

Specimens of Western Game
Heads and Fur Rugs
For Sale.

MISSOULA,

MONTANA.

MONTANA.

It is stated that Butte is to have a new theater, with seatings for 2,000. It will cost \$100,000.

A stock company is being formed at Billings to erect an auditorium, to cost about \$4,000. A one-story brick building is proposed.

The annual report of the Montana Board of Sheep Commissioners shows that the number of sheep returned by assessors last year is 3,552,081, the average assessed valuation being \$2.76. The wool product is estimated at 26,000,000 pounds.

It is reported that the Great Northern Road will erect a tie-preserving plant in Montana, at a cost of \$75,000. This plant will stand near a tie-sawing mill, where the ties will be cut "V" shaped, and then be filled with a zinc solution, a European process that has been well tested.

The gold production of Montana for 1900 is estimated by the U. S. assayer at Helena at 248,000 fine ounces, worth \$5,126,160, and the silver production at 16,750,000 fine ounces, having a coinage value of \$21,607,500. The actual production of the metals during 1899, according to the report, was: Gold, 233,127 fine ounces, worth \$4,819,156; silver, 16,850,755 fine ounces, worth at coinage value \$21,786,834.

The total cattle production of Montana for 1900, according to the report of the State Board of Stock Commissioners, was 180,000 head, of which 60,000 head were slaughtered for home consumption, a decrease from last year's output of twelve per cent. The commissioners say that while the range industry is on the decline, the number of small herds is increasing at a rapid rate. During the year 70,000 Montana horses were shipped out of the State. Two thousand cattle were shipped from Montana to the Pacific Coast—the first shipments made west from the State. Seventy thousand cattle were imported into the State during the year. The stock-growing industry is said to be in a flourishing condition.

IDAHO.

Rural mail-delivery boxes have been shipped for the route from Weiser.

Ten thousand sacks of barley were shipped over the Northern Pacific from Lewiston Valley to the Milwaukee breweries recently. The grain was collected at Lewiston and Lapwai.

A scheme is on foot to purchase the Caldwell ditch and enlarge it. The cost of the ditch will be \$43,000. The promoters are sanguine of the success of their enterprise, and stock is being subscribed liberally.

Twenty-three carloads of apples were shipped from Troy last season; also three cars of pears. Three carloads of prunes have been shipped from Clyde's Spur. There are fully twenty cars more of apples, and several of dried prunes. The price of apples has ranged from 40 cents to 75 cents per box.

The regular monthly dividend of the Buffalo Hump Mining Company, operating the Tiger-Poorman, on Canyon Creek, Coeur d'Alenes, was paid Jan. 2. The dividend was of ten cents per share, or \$25,000 in all, making a total for the company of \$300,000, all of which has been paid within one year.

Thirty-three carloads of apples were shipped from Kendrick last year. Grain men estimate that 250,000 bushels of grain were marketed there, ninety per cent of which has been sold. On this basis, the cereal crop of the Potlatch was 400,000 bushels. About twenty cars of oats and barley have been shipped, besides a quantity of flax.

The market for the dried product of the Potlatch seems to be at St. Paul, where most of it finds a ready sale. The present plan of marketing dried fruit is a departure from the old sys-

tem of selling by consignment. One of a number who have sufficient dried fruit to make up a carload is selected to go East with the car and show the fruit, and dispose of it to the best advantage.

OREGON.

The Coos Bay creamery is turning out an average of 250 pounds of butter per day.

During 1900 Oregon produced farm products valued at \$49,561,000; gold, borax, silver and coal valued at \$4,155,000; factory products estimated at \$60,000,000; fishery products valued at \$3,027,971; a total of \$116,744,000.

Union, the smallest precinct in Clackamas County, in the extreme north end on the west bank of the Willamette River, contains less than a dozen hopyards, yet the receipts from sales of hops reached nearly \$25,000. The total output is estimated at about 163,200 pounds, and the average price per pound received was 14½ cents. One grower sold 170 bales for 15 cents per pound, realizing about \$5,000. Every grower has sold his crop, except one, who is holding for a rise to 20 cents per pound. It is estimated that his crop, at present prices, would bring something near \$5,000.

The census of 1900 shows that the population of Baker City is nearly three times as great as it was in 1890. This is a remarkably good showing, and every citizen of the town is justly proud of it, says the *Republican*. Primarily the discovery that Eastern Oregon is a region of great promise in quartz-mining is responsible for this growth. Since more than a third of a century ago, it has been known to be rich in placer gold, but only in the last few years has it been demonstrated that these mountains contain great ledges of low-grade ore, the reduction of which constitutes one of the greatest industries of the State. This revelation has brought people from many States of the Union to Baker City to engage in mining or other lines of business requiring the investment of much capital. These facts, in conjunction with Baker's natural location, designates her as the great center of financial activity for Eastern Oregon. Men will congregate where money flows freely, which is always true of a mining locality. It is conceded that quartz-mining in this locality is in its infancy, and that there is yet much placer gold to be reached by the pan, the sluice, and the dredge. The influx of people will continue for years, because of these facts.

WASHINGTON.

It is said that Republic now has a population of 2,000. It is one of the most prosperous mining towns in the Northwest.

Seattle's building record for ten months of last year foots up \$2,740,449, exceeding the previous year's total by \$1,179,000.

Andrew Carnegie has given Seattle \$300,000 with which to erect a new library building to replace the one recently destroyed by fire.

Tacoma's jobbing trade for 1900 amounted to \$15,332,967; its manufactured output to \$15,785,500; its flour exports to 695,704 barrels; and its ocean commerce to \$24,749,626.

According to State Coal Mine Inspector C. F. Owen, the output of Washington coal mines last year will reach 2,250,000 tons. This indicates an increase of about 265,000 tons over the output the preceding year.

The Harrington Milling Company recently shipped a 6,500 barrel order of flour consigned to Kobe, Japan. It required twenty-five cars to transport the flour to Puget Sound. Eighteen thousand barrels is the record of shipments by this mill to Japan in the past three months.

BLUE GRASS LANDS

near running brooks, within 65 miles of St. Paul, for less than \$10 per acre.

WHERE CAN YOU BEAT IT?

Good soil, pure water, plenty hardwood timber, splendid dairy lands. Will sell on easy payments. Railroad fare refunded to all buyers. Circulars, maps and information sent on request.

ELWOOD LAND CO.,

SCANDINAVIAN-AMERICAN BANK BUILDING.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Land for Everybody!

Free Grants of Government Lands.

Cheap Railway Lands for Sale on Easy Terms.
GOOD SOIL. PURE WATER. AMPLE FUEL.

Take your choice in

Alberta, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan or Manitoba.

Most desirable land can be obtained in the Beaver Hill District and along the line of the Manitoba and North-Western Railway.

In the Prince Albert, Duck Lake and Rosethorn Districts, on the line of the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake and Saskatchewan Railway.

In the Olds District, along the line of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway, about 50 miles north of Calgary.

In Southern Alberta, in close proximity to the Calgary and Edmonton Railway and the Crow's Nest Pass Railway; suitable for mixed farming and ranching on both large and small scale.

For full information concerning these Districts, Maps, Pamphlets, etc., FREE, apply to

OSLER, HAMMOND & NANTON,
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N. P. LANDS AND FARMS FOR SALE.
MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED FARMS.

**NORTHERN
PACIFIC
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LANDS

\$1.25 to \$2.50 Per Acre.

FARMS

in the far-famed Gallatin Valley at
\$10 to \$30 Per Acre.

Easy Terms. and Satisfaction to all our Customers.
Correspondence Solicited.

W. A. BUZARD, Sales Solicitor for
N. P. Lands,
BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

It is stated that there was shipped from Washington last season over 1,000 carloads of apples. The minimum carload is 500 boxes, making a total shipment of over 500,000 boxes. At the local market price of fifty cents per box, the total shipment represents a quarter of a million dollars. When it is considered that it required forty trains of twenty-five cars each to transport the apple crop of Washington, some idea of the enormous output is obtained. Washington apples are shipped to all points East, but principally to Montana, the Dakotas, and Missouri River territory.

It is said that North Yakima has passed through one of the most prosperous years since its organization in 1885. The volume of business has increased nearly fifty per cent over the year 1899, and indications point to a more favorable trade for 1901. The banks report over \$1,000,000 on deposit, and every avenue of trade is open and progressing. The census figures give the population of the city proper at 3,144 and the county at 13,462. This makes the city fifth and the county eleventh in numerical importance in Washington.



ONTARIO.

It is said that a Kettle Falls syndicate will erect a six-machine paper-mill with a capacity of 150 tons of print paper daily.

It is reported on good authority that in the Sultana mine, in the Lake of the Woods District, a body of ore has been struck which has proved to be larger and richer than any previous find.

During the past year the cut of pine logs in Rainy River District has reached between 30,000,000 and 40,000,000 feet. This is considerably above the cut of former years. One million feet was taken out alone by the C. P. R.

The results of the Mikado mine for twenty-three days' run in November were as follows: Crushed, 760 long tons of ore, yielding 138 ounces of gold, worth \$2,332.71; cyanide process, 440 long tons, yielding 108 ounces of bullion, worth \$302.91, making a total of \$2,835.62.

The Lake of the Woods Gold Mining Syndicate, Limited, is a new English corporation organized in London. Mr. Byles, of the London *British Columbia Review*, informs the *Rat Portage Miner* that the syndicate is composed of some of the wealthiest men in London.

The Oxford Copper Company, which has been for years refining at their works in New Jersey the copper-nickel matter of the Canadian Copper Company, are now establishing a smelting or refining works at Coppercliff, a few miles west of Sudbury, Northwest Ontario, in the vicinity of the Canadian Copper Company's McArthur mine.

A report from Port Arthur says that the Great Dog Falls, over which the drainage of 1,200 square miles of territory passes, are to be developed and converted into electric power, and the power transmitted to Port Arthur by wire. The falls are in an air-line about twenty-five miles from Port Arthur, and, according to estimates, are capable of giving electric power of between 3,000 and 5,000 horse-power the year round.

MANITOBA.

Winnipeg architects and contractors report prospects of a lively building season this year. They say that already a number of new buildings are

projected, which will, if they all go ahead, keep the building trades busy throughout the year.

A prominent Eastern man says that Manitoba is destined to be the garden of the Dominion, and that Winnipeg, if not the capital, will be the Chicago of the Dominion. It is growing numerically, financially, and in all lines of industry, and is full of great promise.

About 100 men are engaged in the fishing industry at the north end of Lake Winnipegosis this winter, and latest reports say that they are meeting with fair success in their work. The fish mostly caught are whitefish, pickerel, and pike. The prevailing prices are 4¢ per pound for whitefish, 2½¢ for pickerel, and 1½¢ for pike. The shipping-points are Norva, on the Swan River branch, and Winnipegosis.

Large quantities of grain are marketed at Shoal Lake, as is evidenced by the two elevators and two or three flat warehouses to be seen strung along the siding at the station. The crops last season were very fair. The town is each year becoming better known as a summer resort, and during the holiday season large numbers of people go there to spend a few weeks on the shores of a pretty lake situated near the place.

During the last year, says the *Winnipeg Commercial*, the Manitoba & North Western Railway, extending from Portage la Prairie to Yorkton, a distance of 223 miles, has been taken over by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, which now runs it as a branch line. The farmers who took up land along this line went more into mixed farming than is customary in most other parts, which includes cultivation of grain, and the raising of stock. As the land became better cultivated and drained, it was found that grain could be grown with satisfactory results, and now large quantities of wheat and oats are each year shipped off this line, besides many carloads of cattle and hogs.

ASSINIBOIA.

Work on the new woolen-mill at Medicine Hat is going ahead rapidly. The brickwork is up, ready for the window-frames on the second story.

The amount spent in new buildings in the town of Maple Creek last year was \$35,000, or an increase of thirty-five per cent. The bulk of the money was spent on residences.

The season of 1900 was a most favorable one for Assiniboia ranchmen. All classes of stock kept in good condition and thrived, and the turn-off of ranch products was the largest in the history of the Territory. The range has been comparatively free from disease, and stock of all kinds entered the winter in good condition.

Medicine Hat is so enterprising that its ratepayers have granted a ten-year tax exemption to the mill and plant of the woolen-mill company there. "Medicine Hat," a correspondent of the *Winnipeg Commercial* says, "has a particularly enterprising and loyal population, who work together for the advancement of their town; and if push and perseverance will do it, the place will have a bright future. That Medicine Hat will become an important city is the firm belief entertained by its enthusiastic citizens. Much is hoped for in the future from the utilizing of the natural gas supply, which exists in the district and which will be a great assistance in establishing manufacturing industries. Among the evidences of progress is the system of water-works, which has been undertaken by the town."

SASKATCHEWAN.

The *Prince Albert Advocate* says that "the year 1901 will, perhaps, be fraught with greater opportunities towards making or marring Prince Albert and the surrounding country than any since its existence. We know that the country between the rivers to the north and west of us is one of magnificent natural resources, and it must be

MANITOBA LANDS

Selected lands in every district in Manitoba.

ALSO CITY PROPERTY. For sale by

AIKINS & PEPLER,

Send for list. 451 Main St., Winnipeg.

A 10-ACRE PEACH LOT in the dry belt of British Columbia is a good buy. The Okanagan Valley is "the Italy of Canada," where the ill get well and the old renew their youth.

Plenty of water for irrigating. Write

J. M. ROBINSON,
Peachland, B. C.

THE BEST

Hardwood Timber and Brush Land in the State of Wisconsin can be found in Barron County in large or small tracts. Write for prices. Stock farms a Specialty.

E. KNUDSON, Rice Lake, Wis.

The Sunnyside Irrigation Canal in Yakima County, State of Washington, is the largest Irrigation ditch in the Northwest.

It is 42 miles in length and 45,000 acres of land are under it.

Three Thousand People live in the Sunnyside, and there is no section in the United States more prosperous.

The fruit of Washington has taken the gold medal at the Paris Exposition, and Sunnyside is the finest fruit section in the State.

Peaches, pears, prunes, apples, apricots, cherries, grapes, melons and berries of the richest flavor grow prolifically, and find a ready and profitable market.

The price of land ranges from \$25.00 to \$40.00 per acre

TERMS OF SALE EASY.

For a Pamphlet descriptive of the Sunnyside, address

**WASHINGTON IRRIGATION COMPANY,
ZILLAH, WASHINGTON.**

OXYGEN IS KING

Oxygen! Oxygen! Oxygen! is King! To man, woman, child, a blessing 'twill bring. All ailments it cures! restores happiness from gloom!

It's the surest thing to have in your home.

It's the cheapest, best doctor, it's patrons aver. This "Oxygen King"—"Pure Oxygen of Air"! Health, time, money; yes, life, saved by its use. Anything contrary would but be an excuse.

It's endorsements are many, the best to be had, Whence from sick chamber comes, "My heart's been made glad—

Your Oxygen King, it cured others, you said; it cured me.

To say "Oxygen is King," surely is my testimony." People should know, then, what for them is in store, Particularly sick people—though it's good for "before".

For "after" your ailment once gets there ahead—"Prevention is the best cure", we've often heard said.

"The Perfected Oxygen King" is a "Preventive" as well as "Cure" for all kinds of Sickness.

Write us for booklet of information and testimonials. We can help you. Agents wanted.

Address **THE NORTHWESTERN OXYGEN CO.,**

430 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.

WE WANT YOU TO KNOW: We make Printers' Rollers. We sell the best Ink and Tinting Glue. We repair your Printing Presses and will pay you more for your second hand machinery than any other dealer in the Northwest. See us before buying new machinery. Give us your business and we will save you money. C. L. JOHNSON & CO., 80 East Fifth Street, St. Paul, Minn.

our business to people it. With the advent of the railway, a number of people will look to this country for locations, and it is our province and duty to stimulate the desire to settle, to go out after those who are looking towards a change of home, and point out to them the best available lands, and the advantages we have to offer. There are thousands of people ready to locate if they knew they could purchase a good farm at from \$3 to \$5 an acre, within five miles of a railway, a good market, flour-mills, saw-mills, public and high schools, churches of all denominations, and splendid water, hay, and wood for fuel, building, and fencing, all in a country where total crop failure is unknown."

ALBERTA.

It is estimated that 15,000 new settlers located in Alberta last year.

Building improvements at Edmonton for the past year will total \$100,000.

The first issue of *Crag and Canyon*, a weekly newspaper published in Banff, is now in circulation. This takes the place of the *National Park Gazette*.

New settlers are coming on every train and leaving every day for the country, either to locate land or to settle on that already located, says the *Edmonton Bulletin*.

At Ponoka, buildings to the value of \$22,725 were erected or partly erected last year. These include five general store buildings, as well as a number of other business places.

The *Edmonton Post* estimates that nearly a quarter of a million dollars of outside money will be spent in public improvements in that town this year, of which \$20,000 will be for a new courthouse.

It is expected that the spring will see many settlers come in to take up the excellent farms near town awaiting settlers, says a writer on *Glerchen*. If many of those who pass us knew of the advantages of our district as a place for settlement there would soon be no unoccupied lands.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The ore shipments from the Boundary Creek District during the past year amounted to over 100,000 tons.

Plans have been received for the new post-office building at Nelson. They provide for a brick and stone building, to cost \$75,000.

The *Free Press*, Fernie, publishes a statement showing that the building operations at that point during the past year amounted to about \$180,000.

It is expected that by the middle of March there will be five smelters in operation in South-eastern British Columbia, which will have a total capacity of 2,500 tons of ore a day. These smelters will give employment to about 2,500 men, besides a large number of men connected with the railways, coal-mines, etc.

It seems from the results so far attained in the Rossland camp that the ore bodies are larger, stronger, and better defined at depth than they are nearer the surface. This has been demonstrated in the Le Roi, the Kootenay mines, and in the War Eagle, says the *Rossland Miner*. That "copper ore stays with the miner at depth" has become an aphorism among miners, and this has so far been verified in the history of the Rossland mines. The great depth at which the gold-copper ore of this camp has been found certainly holds forth a strong promise that the deposits will yield pay ore in large quantities to the extreme limit of depth to which mines can be worked. In the Kootenay mines the lowest point reached is 1,100 feet below the outcrop. The War Eagle shaft has been run downward to a depth of 1,175 feet, and is now being pushed toward the 1,250-foot

level. The War Eagle shaft is, therefore, the deepest to be found in the Kootenays. The Le Roi shaft is 900 feet deep, but as soon as the machinery is ready the management will start to deepen the shaft, and there will not be much cessation till the 2,000-foot level has been reached.

THROUGH TOURIST SLEEPING-CAR SERVICE TO TEXAS, OLD MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA

VIA Chicago Great Western Railway to Kansas City, and Missouri Kansas & Texas, San Antonio & Arkansas Pass and Southern Pacific Railways through Dallas, San Antonio, El Paso and Los Angeles to San Francisco. Only through car line from the Northwest to Texas points and connecting at Spofford Junction for all points in Old Mexico. These cars are in charge of an experienced official and leave St. Paul every Friday at 11:20 P. M., reaching Dallas the following Sunday, San Antonio on Monday, El Paso on Tuesday, Los Angeles at noon Wednesday and San Francisco early Thursday morning. These are Pullman tourist cars similar to those run on all transcontinental lines, and the charges for berths are about half those regularly charged. To persons who have made the trip to California via other routes, this Southern route will prove a most delightful change, and to persons contemplating a trip to Texas or Mexican points, it furnishes facilities heretofore unoffered. Full information furnished by J. P. ELMER, G. A. P. D., Cor 5th & Robert Sts., St. Paul.

HUNTERS HOT SPRINGS.

On the Northern Pacific Railway in Montana, have a national reputation for curing blood diseases. They are situated in a beautiful part of the Yellowstone Valley near the Yellowstone River, at the base of the Crazy Mountains, and are not far from Yellowstone Park. Their elevation above sea level is about 4,300 feet. They are less than 150 miles from Helena, the capital of Montana, and Butte and Anaconda, the great mining and smelting cities of the Northwest. Aside from the fine air and climate, the springs, which have a temperature of from 148 degrees to 168 degrees Fahr., are unsurpassed in curing rheumatic, dropsical, neuralgic, and all blood complaints. There are new buildings and bath-houses, a plunge bath, etc. Rates are \$250 per day, or \$15 per week, with special rates for a lengthened stay. Good fishing and hunting all around there.

Combine vacation with recuperation, and spend a week or two there. Special excursion rate in effect.

Address Chas. S. Fee, G. P. A., Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn., or call on F. H. Fogarty, No. 208 So. Clark St., Chicago, Ill., General Agent Northern Pacific Railway.

SEMI-WEEKLY TOURIST SLEEPERS FROM CHICAGO TO BOSTON.

The Wabash Road now operates a line of tourist sleepers as above, leaving Chicago Mondays and Thursdays at 9:15 A. M., and arriving in Boston 5:20 P. M. next day. New York passengers can occupy these cars as far as Rotterdam Junction, N. Y. (where the train arrives at 11:00 A. M.), reaching New York at 3:15 P. M. No excess fare required. Write for reservations. Ticket office, 97 Adams Street, Chicago.

THE YAKIMA VALLEY.

Washington, is the most attractive irrigation proposition in the United States. All but tropical fruits grow luxuriantly, while alfalfa is a sure and profitable crop. Twenty-acre ranches can be purchased for \$600 on easy terms. The Northern Pacific Railway traverses the entire length of the valley, thus insuring good transportation facilities. Good schools and churches abound, and rural mail routes are established through the valley, which will soon be one large village. Thunderstorms are rare and cyclones unknown. The climate, which is very mild, is extremely beneficial to consumptives and those afflicted with bronchial and catarrhal troubles. For particulars write to C. W. Mott, Gen. Emigration Agent, Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

Rochester Made-at-the-Mill CASSIMERE PANTS.

Heretofore, clothing in its course from raw material to wearer has had to pass through a number of hands, namely: mill, factory, middleman, and retailer. Of course, that meant several profits while it was en route.

Most clothing is still made and marketed in this roundabout, expensive manner.

We are doing things in a simpler, more direct way.

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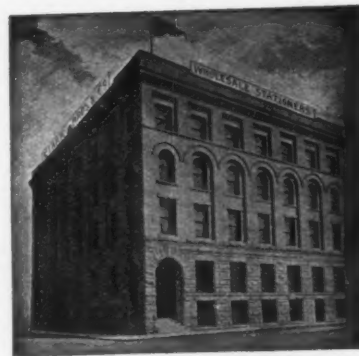
The product of our Woolen Mill is made into Men's Pants in our own Clothing Factory, and sold DIRECT to the retailer, so that there is only one profit between you and the maker.

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This plan makes it possible for you to buy high-grade, all-wool, cassimere, cheviot and tweed Pants for \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50.

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

SPARE-MOMENTS.

WHAT AN OAK TREE DOES.—An oak tree of average size, with 700,000 leaves, lifts from the earth into the air about 123 tons of water during the five months it is in leaf.

THE RIGHT HAND.—It is a strange fact that the right hand, which is more sensitive to the touch than the left, is less sensitive than the latter to the effect of heat or cold.

CLEANLY JAPANESE.—Possibly the reason why the Japanese are so progressive is because they are so cleanly. Public baths are provided on every street. Japanese workmen bathe once or twice every day.

THE NORTH POLE.—The North Pole is the mathematical point at the northern termination of the earth's axis. Whether land or water be there, the phenomena of the sun during the polar day or of the stars during the night would indicate its position.

WOMEN KANGAROO HUNTERS.—Among the black hunters of kangaroos in Western Australia are twenty-seven women. It is a professional business, and there are about 125 persons who make it their regular business to hunt and capture the animals.

INDUSTRIAL HINTS.—Silk-weaving was learned from the Italians and French. Venetians were brought in to teach glassmaking. A German erected the first British paper-mill. Flemish exiles taught the English fine woolen manufacture. Cotton-printing was borrowed from France.

DONE BY FLORISTS.—An English florist brought the dainty sweet pea to perfection, and American florists have ably aided him. The flower is native to Sicily and is one of the universal favorites, though its propensity to lose color after being cut a short time is against it. Still, when freshly cut there is nothing sweeter or more delicate than a bunch of these same flowers.

WHERE DUCKS AROUND.—A man who lives about six miles west of Eugene, Ore., shipped 600 dressed wild ducks to Portland recently. The ducks were killed in the Long Tom. He regularly feeds the ducks on wheat all winter long, and uses blinds while shooting. Thus far this season he has killed 1,500 ducks, according to the Eugene Guard.

FLOWER LORE.—Lilacs and syringas came first from China, the Flowery Kingdom, though India and Persia also claim them. Carnations were cultivated from the old fashioned clove pink, beloved by our grandmothers. Wisteria vines, those beautiful climbers, white and purple, are also a Chinese blossom. The petunia is a favorite, but though it has been known since it was brought to England early in the century, it remained for American florists to develop it to its present state of exquisite markings and perfumes.

A VALUABLE IDOL.—It is part of the Mohammedan creed to smash the noses of all idols they may come across. When they invaded India they defaced in this way every Hindoo god. A figure of Vishnu cut in green jade was buried in the bed of the Ganges during this invasion, and is now preserved in a temple in Benares. It is the only perfect image left of all the old idols, and its sanctity is such that the priests at Allahabad have offered for it its weight in gold, together with two magnificent rubies, formerly the eyes of Buddha. But they cannot buy it.

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF ANTIQUITY.—One of the greatest wonders of ancient Egypt was the fa-

mous artificial body of water called Lake Moeris. According to Herodotus, "the measure of its circumference was 3,300 furlongs, which is equal to the entire length of Egypt along the sea coast." The excavation, which was made in the time of King Moeris (the Memnon of the Greeks and Romans), was of varying depths, and its center was occupied by two pyramids, the apexes of which were 300 feet higher than the surface of the water. The water for this gigantic artificial reservoir was obtained from the Nile through a canal, which six months of the year has an inflow and the other six an outflow, corresponding to high and low water in the river. The canal gradually filled with sand, and the lake has long since evaporated, but its bottom is still one of the most fertile tracts in Egypt.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOURS TO CALIFORNIA IN PULLMAN TOURIST SLEEPING-CARS.

Via Chicago Great Western Railway to Kansas City, and Santa Fe Route to Los Angeles and Southern California. Only line having new Pullman tourist sleepers equipped with wide vestibules, steam heat and gas-light. One of these new sleepers leaves St. Paul at 8:10 A. M. every Monday, via Chicago Great Western for Los Angeles and Southern California via Kansas City, and reaches Los Angeles the following Friday morning. These tours are personally conducted by an experienced official who accompanies the train to its destination. The cars are well equipped for a long journey, and are as comfortable as the standard sleepers, while the price for a double berth is only about one-half. Full information furnished by J. P. Elmer, G. A. P. D., Cor 5th & Robert Sts., St. Paul.

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For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately; depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best family physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."



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UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE every one who sends us \$2.00 for one year's subscription to **The Northwest Magazine** will be entitled to one guess. Present subscribers may take advantage of this offer, and their subscription will be extended one year from date of expiration. No advance is made in the price of our paper; you get the guess absolutely free.

YOUR GUESS When you send in your subscription you make your guess. Be sure and write your name, address and guess, as plainly as possible. As soon as we receive your subscription we will send you a certificate of the **PRESS PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, OF DETROIT, MICH.**, containing your guess, which will entitle you to any prize that you may draw. We will file the duplicate certificate with the Press Publishing Association. Every subscriber will receive as many certificates and have as many guesses as he sends subscriptions to **The Northwest Magazine**. If you want more than one guess get your friends and neighbors to subscribe. They will also be entitled to one guess.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

To aid subscribers in forming their estimate, we furnish the following data:

Year	Total Population	Increase	Per cent
1871	3,689,257		
1881	4,324,810	635,553	17.23
1891	4,833,239	508,429	11.29
The population for 1901 at an increase of 12 per cent over the population would be.....			
	5,413,227		
(An increase of 579,988.)			
At an increase of 15 per cent it would be.....			
	5,558,224		
(An increase of 724,985.)			
At an increase of 20 per cent it would be.....			
	5,799,886		
(An increase of 966,647.)			
At an increase of 25 per cent it would be.....			
	6,041,548		
(An increase of 1,208,309.)			

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NAME

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STATE

MY GUESS

Prizes to Be Awarded as Follows:

To the nearest correct guess.....	\$5,000.00
To the second.....	2,000.00
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To the fourth.....	300.00
To the fifth.....	100.00
To the sixth.....	50.00
To the next 12 nearest correct guesses, \$10.00 each, amounting to.....	120.00
To the next 42 nearest correct guesses, \$5.00 each, amounting to.....	210.00
To the next 100 nearest correct guesses, \$3.00 each, amounting to.....	300.00
To the next 380 nearest correct guesses, \$2.00 each, amounting to.....	760.00
To the next 460 nearest correct guesses, \$1.00 each, amounting to.....	460.00

Total, 1,000 prizes, amounting to..... \$10,000.00

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THIS IS ONE OF THE GREATEST OFFERS EVER MADE.

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WRITE BY SOUND:
me meek get day eat near
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TO BE MEMORIZED:
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The lad will meet me in the lane.
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The Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R. has arranged a series of low-rate Colonist excursions starting on each Tuesday, February 12 to April 30. The rate from St. Paul and Minneapolis is only \$32.90, and proportionately low from other places. Berth in the new tourist car costs only \$6. Such an opportunity to visit the Golden State may never be repeated. Go now. To get the best route and accommodations, call at Minneapolis and St. Louis ticket offices, or address

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SHE DIDN'T FORGET ANYTHING.

A Wisconsin woman whose husband died recently sent the following communication to a local paper:

"Mr. Editor, I desire to thank the friends and neighbors most heartily in this manner for the united aid and co-operation during the illness and death of my late husband who escaped from me by the hand of death on Friday last while eating breakfast. To the friends and all who contributed so willingly toward making the last moments and funeral a success, I desire to remember most kindly, hoping these few lines will find them enjoying the same blessing. I also have a good milch cow and roan gelding horse, eight years old, I will sell cheap. God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. He plants his footsteps upon the storm, also a black and white shote very low."

HE RODE IN AN INCUBATOR.

He is a raw Englishman, says a Spokane (Wash.) paper, and has been a resident of Spokane for some time, being employed as coachman by one of the wealthy families on the hill. He has a great desire to use big words, but his knowledge of their meaning is a little brief, and this combination often leads to awkward mistakes.

The Palace store recently put in an elevator, and a few days after it was started the Englishman went into the store to buy goods. His needs compelled him to go to the second floor, and he was just starting to climb the stairs when an obliging clerk showed him the new elevator, and the two rode up together. As they were stepping out of the elevator at the second floor, the Englishman turned to his companion and gravely said:

"And how long has it been since you had an incubator here?"



SPIRIT OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Teacher—"Can you tell me who Adam was?"

Little Bobs—"Yes; he was the lust man, but he's dead now, and ain't no good."

A BIT TOO OBLIGING.

It happened on a Monday night. The Shaw Company put on "Held by the Enemy" for the first time in the Spokane Auditorium, the *Outburst* of that city says, and there had naturally been quite a rush at the box-office. The curtain had gone up on the first act, and the rush was pretty well over. A man wandered up to the box-office, bought a seat in the dress-circle, and started to go on in. Just as he was reaching out to hand his ticket to Superintendent Klein, he apparently recollected something that he had forgotten, and quickly returned to the window.

"Say," he said, removing a two-thirds smoked cigar from his mouth, "where can I put this cigar so that I can get it again after the first act?" "Just call the usher there," briskly responded Treasurer Beaumont, "and he will wrap it up in tissue-paper and put it in the vault. Do you want a receipt?" he inquired.

But the man had fled.

THE POLICEMAN STILL IN DOUBT.

Since Emory Siwash White illustrated to his fellow lumbermen and their representatives of the West Coast that it was not especially dangerous to take an occasional bath, the Minneapolis *Lumberman* says, a number of them have taken the chance, with no more injurious effects than came to him. In fact, as the following will illustrate, they are even anxious to be clean. This is from a West Coast publication:

"On Sept. 19 a medium-sized man was seen to jump off a train just before it backed into the station at Tacoma. He seemed to desire to avoid being seen. He rushed hurriedly up the hill, pursued by a policeman in citizen's clothes who vainly called on him to halt. Both reached the top of the hill out of breath. The officer stopped the man, and demanded where he was from, and was told Chehalis, Wash.

"Where are you going?"

"To a bath-house."

"What for?"

"A bath, of course, you — fool."

"Who are you?"

"Harry J. Miller, and I've got a lot of sawdust inside my shirt, and I don't propose to be stopped by any cop."

"Miller vanished into the darkness, and to this day the cop is not certain that he did right in letting him escape."

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THE BOZEMAN,

J. J. KELLEY, Proprietor.

Steam heat, elevator, electric lights, commercial sample rooms.

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Best accommodation and sample rooms for travelers. Rates \$2 per day. Conveniently located.

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PARK HOTEL,

PARK HOTEL COMPANY.

Only First-Class Hotel in the City. One Block from Depot. Rooms en suite with bath. Large Sample Rooms Free. Cuisine Unexcelled.

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Modern in all its appointments. Steam heat. Electric light. Return bell system. Hot and cold water throughout. Rooms en suite with bath. Wide porches. Large lawns.

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Fifteen years under one management. Enlarged and remodeled. New Furniture and carpets. Steam heat in every room. Return call bells, new open plumbing and many other improvements. Come and see us, and we believe you will be pleased.

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Steam Heat and Electric Light. Rates, \$2 per day.
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CHRIS. A. MASON, Manager.
(Also Manager Miles City Hotel.)

THE HOTEL OF THE CITY. Steam heat, electric
lights and call bells; artesian baths, etc.

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H. E. CHANEY, Proprietor.

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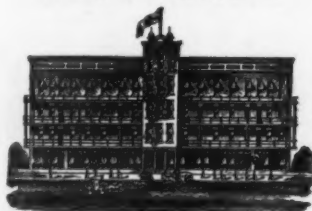
MOOSE JAW, ASSA.**THE MAPLE LEAF HOTEL**

EDW. C. MATHEWS, Prop.

Heated by steam. Lighted with Acetylene Gas
Hot and cold baths. Barber shop in connection.

OWATONNA, MINN.**THE HOTEL OWATONNA,**

T. H. MOREHOUSE, Manager.
MOREHOUSE BROS. & ADSIT, Owners.



Rates \$2.00 per day. Steam Heat, light sample
rooms, electric lights, return call bells, rooms with
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LOUIS HILLIARD, Prop.

First-class accommodation for Commercial Men.

RAT PORTAGE, ONT.**CENTRAL HOTEL,**

J. O. BEAUDRY, Prop.

Opposite C. P. R. Station.
Rates \$1 to \$1.50 per day.



THE GRANDON HOTEL, Helena, Montana.
Rates \$3.00 to \$5.00 per Day.



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Everything first-class. Special attention paid to
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R. MAY, Prop.

First-class accommodation for traveling public.
Good sample rooms.

**WINNIPEG, MAN.****CLIFTON HOUSE**

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Worstedes and Serges.

SUITS, only - - \$20.00.
PANTS, \$4.50 and \$5.00.

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

4 Snaps in Winnipeg Dirt. 680 Lots For \$4,500.

These Lots are each 25x100 feet to a lane, streets 66 feet wide. 100 are between 1 1-2 and 2 miles from the Post Office, facing or within one block of electric railway and near large school. Adjoining lots have sold for \$100 each to the people who have built homes on them. These 100 lots should be retailed this summer for more than the amount asked for all.

260 are between 2 and 2 1-2 miles, 220 between 2 1-2 and 3 miles, and 100 are 3 miles south from the Winnipeg Post Office. As farm land, this property sold for \$7,000 before affected by boom price; in 1890, with Winnipeg less than 1-2 its present size, it sold for more than twice the price asked now, and it has sold for more than twenty times the amount. It is in a choice locality, toward which the best residential portion of the city is extending.

TERMS: 1-4 cash, balance 4 equal annual payments, interest 6 per cent.

42 Lots for \$2,500. Each 25x101 feet, streets 66 feet, all between 1 and 1 1-2 miles west from Post Office, near electric line and schools. The City is built out to and beyond these lots, and similar lots farther out are selling for workingmen's homes at \$8 and \$10 a front foot.

100 Acres for \$4,200. Adjoining city limits on the west, 3 miles from Post Office on Railway and a leading thoroughfare to the City. Will sell 32 acres at \$50 an acre.

TERMS: 1-3 cash, balance 4 equal annual payments, interest 6 per cent.

116 Acres on Red River, within one mile of Winnipeg, for \$1,500.

TERMS: \$600 cash, balance 6 per cent.

These prices are only 1-2 or 1-3 the price at which adjoining property is held and has been sold in recent years. Never in the history of any Western City has there been such opportunities for great profits to be made in a short time.

CHAS. H. ENDERTON, Real Estate Investments,
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IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND A MAN WHO KNOWS IT ALL.

DO YOU KNOW that the world is now producing gold at the rate of One Million Dollars every twenty-four hours?

That the public mining companies of Cripple Creek are paying dividends to their shareholders of nearly \$600,000 per month?

That the extraordinary mining development in the United States is one of the marvels of the century?

That the value of the output at the places of production in the year 1890 was \$1,211,361,000?

It does not seem much to own only 800 shares in a good, legitimate company, but PETER SAUER, of CALUMET, MICH., bought 800 shares in the Calumet and Hecla mines, years ago, when they were cheap.

**THESE 800 SHARES ARE NOW WORTH
\$684,000.00**

When the objects and aims of a company are all right, and the Board of Directors is composed of good business men, and the company possesses a good mine, the elements of risk have been reduced to a minimum. Such is the case with our offer.

**WE HAVE THE LARGEST DEPOSIT OF FREE-MILLING
ORE EVER DISCOVERED IN ANY LAND.**

Prof. Edwin J. Houston, of Philadelphia, thought we were honest but mistaken. He visited our property and acknowledged we were not mistaken. Remember there are but a few more shares for sale at 25c. January 21st our shares will be 25c. 1000 shares now cost \$150. \$30 cash with the order, and \$20 per month until paid.

As to the standing of the men composing our directorate, we refer by permission to:

A. K. PRUDEN, ex-President Commercial Club, St. Paul.

F. I. WHITNEY, G. P. A., Great Northern Ry., "

B. H. EVANS, of Schuneman & Evans, "

SMITH & TAYLOR, Real Estate, Manhattan Bldg, "

If there is any other information you desire, we would be pleased to have you call at our office, or address

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February 12, 19, 26; March
5, 12, 19, 26, and April 2, 9, 16,
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has millions of acres of the finest grain and fruit land. Its forests of valuable timber cover thousands of square miles. Its rich mines have made many millionaires.

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Great Northern Ry. Tickets on Sale February 12, 19, 26; March
5, 12, 19, 26, and April 2, 9,
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Wisconsin CentralRailway....

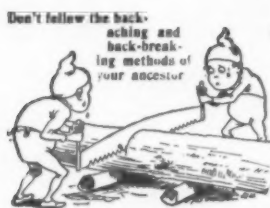
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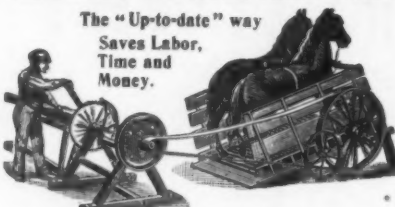
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These lands are located in one of the most resourceful and picturesque sections of Barron County, Northern Wisconsin, are well watered, have rich native grasses, are most excellently adapted to diversified farming and stock raising, and are convenient to the Best Markets of the Northwest.

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Car leaving Monday arrives Los Angeles following Friday afternoon, avoiding all Sunday travel. Car leaving Friday arrives Los Angeles the following Wednesday morning and San Francisco Thursday morning, passing through Waco, San Antonio and El Paso. For full information and assistance call on or address any agent of the Chicago Great Western Railway.

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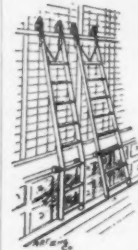
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 Gentlemen: I have used and am still using your "Soluble Medicated Bougies" for the treatment of G— and G—, both in private and hospital practice, and the Results obtained have been Eminently Satisfactory. I have used your No. 3 or long Bougies in obstinate cases of long standing and was enabled to effect a cure in Six Days where other remedies had signally failed. It affords me pleasure to recommend a remedy of such undoubted merit.
 Yours truly,
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 In its production of Cereals and fine heavy Vegetable Seeds. Minnesota Grown Onion Seed beats the world in strong vitality and in the production of solid and elegantly shaped bulbs. We are growers of Choice Vegetable Seeds which are of the greatest purity and vigor. Our stock of Garden and Flower Seeds is complete and will satisfy everybody. We have a complete stock of Timothy and Clover Seed and Bromus Inermis and other Valuable Grasses. Our Lincoln Oats, Pedigree Blue Stem Wheat and Prosperity Corn are the heaviest producers. Will astonish everybody with their yields. Write for our illustrated Catalogue. We send it free if you mention this paper.
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USE ROCKOLEAN—Dandruff, falling hair, scalp diseases. Will grow hair on bald heads. Ask your druggist, or write to **ROCKOLEAN MFG. CO., 11 E. 14th St., Minneapolis, Minn.**

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

SOME IDAHO FREAKS.—I. L. Harper, of Paeyette, Id., is reported to have an interesting study in nature. A few days ago an old cat drifted into his possession, bringing with her a family of four kittens. These kittens are half rabbit and half cat, the fore-quarters being those of a kitten, and the hind-quarters those of a rabbit. They have the tail of the rabbit, and jump instead of walk.

CANADIAN YUKON ESTIMATES.—Dufferein Patullo, chief clerk of the gold commissioner's office at Dawson, estimates the past season's Klondike output of gold at \$20,000,000, as against \$17,000,000 for 1899. Next year's gold output of the Klondike, Patullo thinks, will reach \$25,000,000. Of this year's shipment of gold, United States Consul McCook has a record of \$14,400,000.

HELENA'S SPANISH CANNON.—A small brass cannon which was captured by the gunboat Helena, has been presented to the city of Helena, Mont., by the Government of the United States. The field-piece and its mounting are both of very primitive construction, and afford a most striking illustration of the inefficiency of Spanish arms. Helena has not yet decided what disposition to make of the curio.

A NEW GOLD-FIELD.—The latest report is of a stampede up Fourth of July Creek, a branch of the Kettle River, Alaska. Sheet-gold has been discovered, with ground running \$10 to a cubic yard. Digging in that vicinity has been secretly worked by George Arnett, an old miner, for three or four years. It is estimated that he has cleaned up \$10,000. The strike extends on both sides of the British-American boundary.

THE COPPER RIVER.—The Copper River in Alaska is larger than the Mississippi, although it is not so long and is not navigable except for stretches of perhaps forty or fifty miles. There is a great placer gold-camp on Slate Creek, a tributary of the Chistelchina, which has an immense quantity of gold-bearing dirt worth \$8 a ton. It is ten times larger and four times richer than that of the famous Treadwell mine at Juneau.

GOLD FROM THE YUKON.—The latest reports from Dawson put down the output for the season up to Oct. 17 at \$20,000,000. The shipments out were the heaviest in June and July, during which months over \$9,000,000 were shipped up the river to Skagway en route for Seattle and Vancouver. Three million dollars' worth of machinery is now installed in Yukon District, and it is expected that next year's output will exceed \$25,000,000.

RATTLESNAKE BELTS.—The latest fad in vogue among the society belles of Medicine Hat, Assiniboia, is the rattlesnake craze,—the wearing of waist-belts made out of the skins of rattlers. A local saddler has the honor of introducing this novelty to the beau-monde of Medicine Hat. He turns out an article in the belt line every way creditable to his artistic eye and skilled hand. He also manufactures hat-bands for festive cow-boys out of the same raw material.

FABULOUSLY RICH MINES.—A man who has just returned from Alaska says that the copper mines in the Copper River Country are more extensive than any other discovered in Alaska and will lay the foundations of the greatest fortunes in America. They are on the Chittyna river and its tributaries. "In prospecting near the Chittyna River," he says, "I have found extensive veins of copper which yielded 47 1/2 pounds to the cubic yard of ore, or 85 per cent, while other deposits yielded 68 per cent, 40 per cent, and so on down to 13 per cent. The richest vein, or 85 per cent, ore, has been located for a distance of five miles, and in some places to a depth of a mile. This big deposit that I speak of, if worked to a depth of only 100 feet, should yield \$730,000,000. I am aware that the figures are large, but I speak advisedly."

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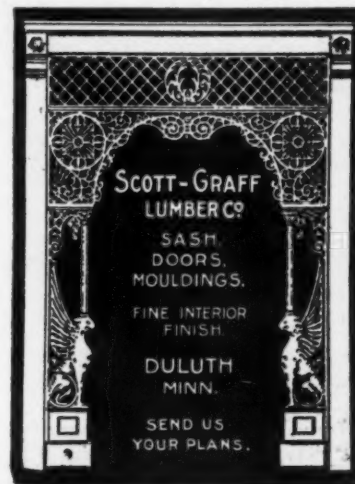
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Osmodon No. 1.
For the Kid-
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A Good and Timely Suggestion.

Let the dead past bury its dead. Let by-gones be by-gones and let us discard worn-out methods and oft-exploded theories and begin the new century with enlightened, scientific and up-to-date methods, under a new light that shines for those who wish to see. Write us about Osmodon for the cure of consumption or Osmodon for the cure of Bright's Disease, Diabetes and all kidney disorders and we shall be pleased to furnish you valuable and interesting information regarding the greatest remedy the world has ever known.

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MANUFACTURERS,
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QUICK WORK IN MONTANA.

"The quickest work by a draughtsman in this or any other country," said one of the profession the other day to a Helena Independent representative, "was done by George F. Marsh, now secretary of the capitol building commission of Montana. George was then known as Frank Marsh, and was chief clerk in the office of the United States Surveyor General at Helena. Andrew J. Smith, whose name is now connected with the discussion of the management of the National Soldiers' Home, was then surveyor general for the Territory.

"Times were booming in Montana those days, and there was a sharp demand for real estate and mines. I think it was William Wallace, Sr., and Mr. Cannon who called on Marsh one afternoon about 2:30 o'clock and told him about a map that they wanted made and wanted it quick. Under no circumstances could they wait another day.

"What kind of a map is it you want?" Marsh inquired.

"They said that it was to be an accurate record of the country within a radius of 100 miles of Helena; that it was to have every stream and every mountain range and every road within that territory, and every mining location and every developed mine that the records of the office of the surveyor general showed. It was a particular job, too, for there were a lot of other requirements that I don't remember. It was three o'clock by the time they were through telling about it.

"I can't do anything on that in a day," said Marsh.

"But you've got to," they replied. "We can't wait; that is all there is about it."

"Finally Marsh got down to work, and I'll be blest if he didn't have it done by 12 o'clock that night. And it was the prettiest map you ever saw. You'd have been surprised to see that fellow make marks. The map went East, and was lithographed, and for a long time was the most authoritative thing of the kind we had in Helena."

CHEAP RATES! DO NOT MISS THEM.

On Tuesday, February 12, 19, 26, March 5, 12, 19, 26, April 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, 1901, you can go for \$30 from Chicago and for \$25 from St. Paul, over the Northern Pacific Railway, to Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho, which abound in rich agricultural lands suitable for diversified farming and fruit-raising without irrigation. Cheap grazing-lands can be secured, and the largest body of white pine in the United States is located in Northern Idaho. Here are found the famous wheat fields of the Palouse and Big Bend countries. The mining-camps of the Coeur d'Alene and Bitter Root mountains, as well as the Roseland and Republic districts, furnish profitable markets for all the farmer or fruit-grower can raise. For particulars write to C. W. Mott, General Emigration Agent, Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSION TICKETS

To nearly all points in the United States, on sale at all ticket offices of the Chicago Great Western Railway on the first and third Tuesdays of each month, January to June, 1901, at the very low homeseekers' rate of one fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip. Tickets good for return within 21 days from date of sale. Persons contemplating a trip will save money by calling on any Great Western Agent and obtaining detailed information regarding the homeseekers' rates, or by addressing J. P. Elmer, G. A. P. D., cor. 5th and Robert Sts., St. Paul, Minn.

CAREER AND CHARACTER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

An address by Joseph Choate, ambassador to Great Britain, on the career and character of Abraham Lincoln—his early life—his early struggles with the world—his character as developed in the later years of his life, and his administration, which placed his name so high on the world's roll of honor and fame, has been published by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and may be had by sending six (6) cents in postage to F. A. Miller, Gen. Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.]



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If you are coming to the city on business or to curl, we will be pleased to talk the clothing question with you. We are showing several hundred creations from master weavers of the old world; a selection that for quality, beauty and service is unsurpassed anywhere. We are noted for high grade work. It's easy to find us—Opp. Queen's Hotel on Portage Ave.
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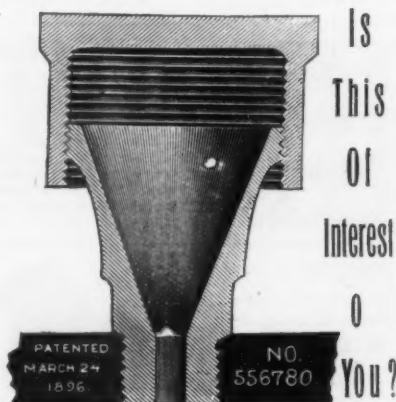


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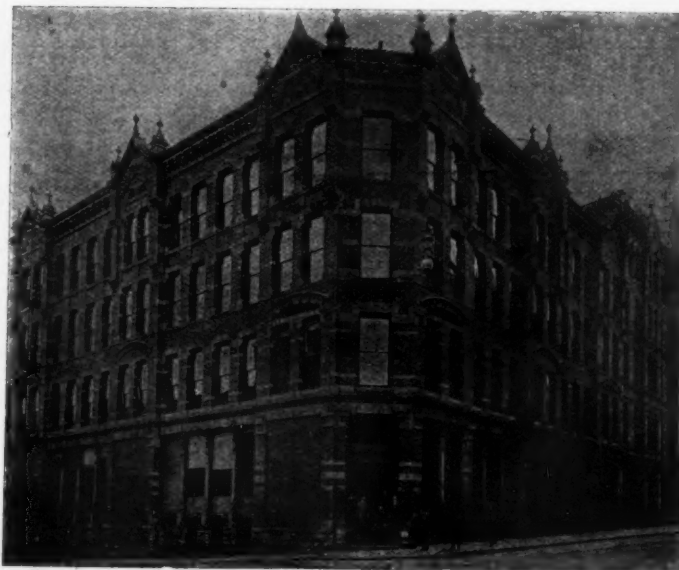
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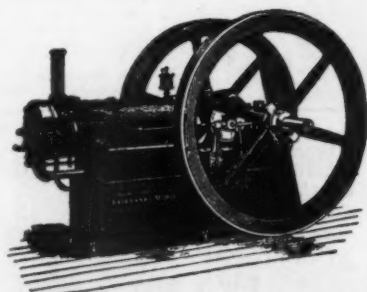
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The traveling public, and those desiring to change locations, will be interested in the announcement which comes from the Northern Pacific Railway of a big reduction in one-way rates to the West. These low rates are made particularly to attract additional settlement to all points in Minnesota, Manitoba, North Dakota, Montana, Washington, and Oregon, and tickets may be purchased at St. Paul or Minneapolis on the following dates: Feb. 12, 19 and 26, 1901; March 5, 12, 19 and 26, 1901; April 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, 1901.

Never before has such an opportunity been given to the intending settler to reach his new home so cheaply. For further information apply to your local ticket agent, or to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A., Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

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CHEAP RATES! DO NOT MISS THEM.

On Tuesday, February 12, 19 and 26, March 5, 12, 19 and 26, April 2, 9, 16, 23 and 30, 1901, you can go for \$30 from Chicago, and for \$25 from St. Paul, over the Northern Pacific Railway to Western Washington, which with its vast bodies of timber, affords ample opportunity for the establishment of lumber and shingle mills. The soil is exceedingly productive, and fruit, grain and vegetables grow in great abundance. These find a ready market in the lumber-camps, the larger cities, and the Alaska trade. Government timber land can still be secured, while cut-over lands, suitable for dairying and truck gardening, can be purchased at reasonable prices along the line of the Seattle International Railway. For further particulars apply to C. W. Mott, General Emigration Agent, Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

'PHONE NOT IN HER KEY.

"I wonder how these new selective signal 'phones work?" muttered aloud the young woman with the fluffy hair. "You see," she explained, "there are four 'phones on a line, but yours doesn't ring except when you're called."

"That's easy," replied the telegrapher. "They're quadruplexed, and one is set for each resistance—one for 80, another for 60, the next for 40, the last for 20."

"You need one set for a person whose resistance is 0 to fit some folks I know," was the vinegary remark of the old bachelor, who dislikes matinees, 'phones, and big hats.

They all ignored him by common consent, and the music-teacher explained:

"You're all wrong. The wires are pitched for the four voices. There are a soprano, a tenor, a contralto and a bass wire, each bell set to be rung in its own key. You know ours is B."

"Then I can't talk with anybody except—" pouted Miss Fluffy, "except a fellow with a tenor voice?"

"Of course not. That basso in the court-house couldn't hear you, even if he would. Call him up and try it with him. You won't be able to hear even a ring. Your voice is C."

Tremblingly the soprano called out the number, then rang. Silence! Not a tinkle. Vexed, she slammed the phone and fled in confusion upstairs.

Next day her aunt gave the music-teacher an extra wedge of pie, and said:

"You can have anything you want in this house, so long as Maud doesn't find out that a selective signal phone does not ring at the end where the crank is turned."



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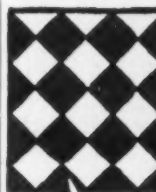
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February 12, 19 and 26, 1901
March 5, 12, 19 and 26, 1901
April 2, 9, 16, 23 and 30, 1901

Never before has such an opportunity been given to the intending settler to reach his new home so cheaply.
For further information apply to your local ticket agent.

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The pencil that figures with a twist of your wrist?

That figures quicker than you can and never makes a mistake?

That calculates anything from 1 x 13 to 12 x 24 in the twinkling of an eye?

That gives you hundreds of calculations with the swiftness and accuracy equaling an expert? Have you seen it?

CAN YOU BEAT IT?

Can you tell as quickly as the pencil, for example, how much 11 x \$24.00 is? or, 9 x \$1.80? or, 23 x \$120?

"It is truly a little wonder," says President McKinley.
"It is a marvel of ingenious mechanism."—C. E. Stone. General Passenger Agent, St. Paul & Duluth Ry.
"An article of the greatest educational merit," says the Youths Companion.
"It is the greatest educational novelty of the day," says Admiral George Dewey.

THE CALCULATOR is made of pure Aluminum and attached to a pencil of standard quality. It fits any common lead pencil. It has also the advantage of being a pencil point protector, a pencil lengthener and an eraser, and it can be carried in the vest pocket.

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**Propeller
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**Marine
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No Better Stock.
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Considering quality. You can not duplicate our \$20, \$30 and \$40 tricos. **First Prize for Domestic** at Chicago's big Coliseum show. The right thing at the right price every time. Can save you money on one or one hundred. Send stamp for circular and bargain bulletin, or 15c for largest and best book on this most paying stock. References, by permission: Gov. Pillsbury and Judge Mahoney, of Minn.

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(Please mention THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE.)

HOW THE BOY WAXED RICH.

"Speaking of beating the game and of running up against it in good shape," said an old-timer to a Duuth (Minn.) *News Tribune* man, "there used to be a bell-boy at one of the hotels here in the old days that had a cinch on winning, and he beat the game to a standstill.

"There used to be a big game going on in the hostelry I speak of every night. Colonel Jones, A. J. Whit man, and a number of other of the high-flyers at that time were the leading spirits. The stakes used to run pretty high. Of course the boys were in need of considerable liquid refreshments, and the boy was detailed to wait on them. The drinks were always paid for in checks by the players, and the boy would have them cashed by the man that kept bank. As it was the custom to tip the boy liberally, the checks were always cashed without question, although the boy turned in checks that represented considerably more than the bill for the drinks came to.

"It was noticed that the boy had a good deal of spending money, and as he was inclined to be a little sporty, it soon became noised about that he was having some big games, spending from \$50 to \$100 a night occasionally. He was watched carefully for some time, but nothing was discovered that in any way reflected on his honesty, and finally the hotel people made up their minds that he was getting his money in tips. Matters ran on in this way for several months, but finally, one night, the whole thing came out. Colonel Jones uncovered the whole snap. One night the boy came into the room where the men were playing poker. He was carrying a tray with four or five drinks on.

"Here you are gentlemen," he said, placing the tray on the table, on top of the checks that lay in the center of the table. Everyone took their drinks, and the boy took up the tray. He had only raised it about four inches when a check dropped from the bottom of it. It was good for \$5. Colonel Jones quickly reached out, took the tray from the boy, turned it upside down, and the poker-players were astounded at the sight of three other checks, similar to the one that had dropped, sticking to the bottom of the tray.

"Then the boy confessed. He had been rubbing a piece of sticky fly-paper on the bottom of the tray. When he laid it down on the checks, of course some of them would adhere to it. Sometimes it would only pick up a check representing a small amount, but at other times it would capture a \$5 or \$10 one. It was then remembered that he always put the tray down in the center of the table where the pot was spread out.

"The boys looked at one another a moment, grinned sheepishly over the way that the boy had beaten them out of several hundred dollars, made up a purse of \$100, and handed it to him with a request that he tell no one of the way he had taken them in. The lad kept his mouth shut, and because of this, the story has never gained currency until now."

A GRACELESS EXPLANATION.

The story is told of a young bride and groom who stopped at an Iowa hotel on their wedding tour. After a short excursion on the hunt of a man, the groom returned to the door behind which he supposed his bride to be waiting, and, after rapping on the door, called, "Honey?" Receiving no reply, he repeated the call a second and a third time, and only let up when a gruff male voice replied:

"Go away, you blistering idiot. This is not a beehive; it's a bathroom."

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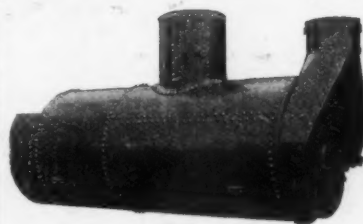


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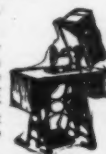
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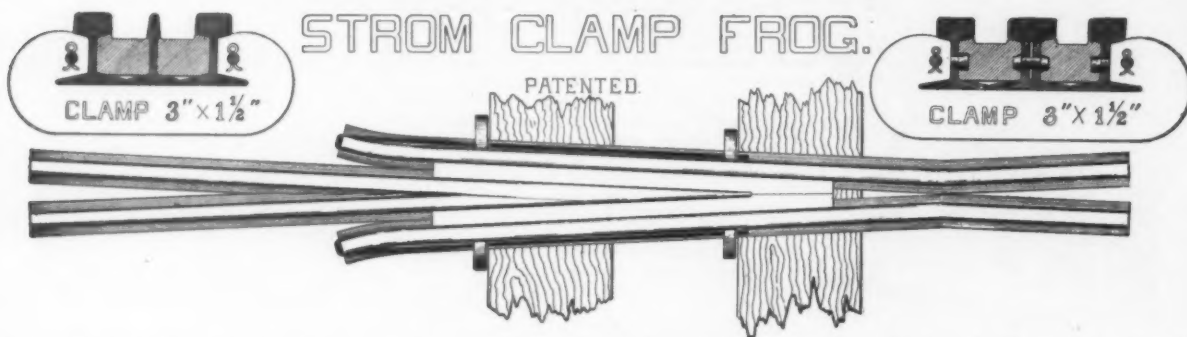
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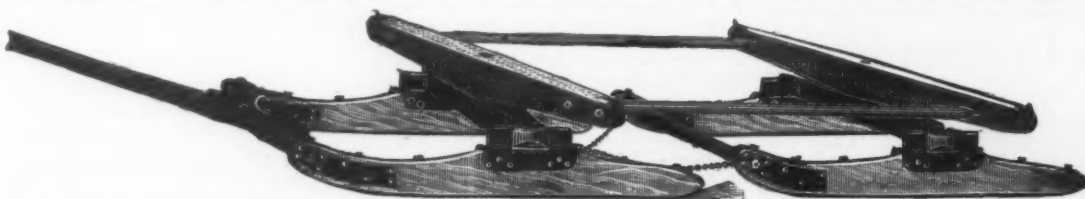
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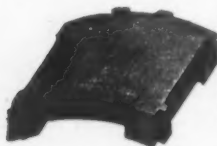
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They separate six from wheat, wild or tame oats, and all foreign matter, and all feed feed; clean six, timothy, clover, etc. perfectly. Pat. Jan 7, 1906. Bureau of Entomology!

WHY HE DID IT.

A post-office inspector has some very queer experiences in the course of his career in connection with the affairs of Uncle Sam's big department. A story was told recently by a keen member of the staff of inspectors who visits this part of the country occasionally, states the Duluth (Minn.) *News Tribune*, shows some of the dangers that a post-office employe runs of having his good name assailed, however honest and straightforward he may be.

In this case complaint had been made at a certain post-office by a fellow to the effect that a \$50 bill had been taken from a letter that he had mailed to a woman acquaintance. When she had received the letter alleged to have contained the money, she found pinned to the letter a little corner of the bill. It was quite plain that it had been torn out, and then that the letter had been hastily resealed without leaving any trace of the fact that it had been tampered with, except the tell-tale little corner of the bill.

The matter was laid before the inspectors. They called before them the man that had sent the money and made the complaint. The chief inspector then asked him to show just how he had pinned the bill to the letter. He handed him a bill and told him to pin it just as he had pinned the bill that he enclosed in the letter. This was done. Then the inspector asked him to pull it off in the same manner that he believed his own money to have been taken. This was done, but the paper on which the letter was written was torn as well as the bill. It was tried again, the fellow imagining all the time that the inspector was simply getting points on which to work on the case.

This time the result was all right so far as tearing the bill was concerned, but the letter-paper was again torn. The letter in which the money was alleged to have been sent was not torn at all.

The inspector then looked at the fellow and said:

"What are you trying to do with us, anyway? You never put a bill in that letter. You deliberately pinned the corner of that bill on the letter."

"Well, what if I did?" replied the fellow. "You fellows are too d—d smart. What if I did?"

"Well, what did you make this complaint for, then?" asked the officer.

"Well, I'll tell ye," said the fellow. "The woman to whom I sent that letter has been after me for over three years. I have been anxious to get rid of her importunities for money. I thought if I should send her this letter with the part of the bill attached to it I could then tell her that it would not be safe for me to attempt to send her money, and I could thus get rid of her."

It is needless to say that the inspectors wasted no more time on that case.

CHEAP RATES! DO NOT MISS THEM.

On Tuesday, February 12, 19, 26, March 5, 12, 26, April 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, 1901, you can go for \$30 from Chicago, and for \$25 from St. Paul, over the Northern Pacific Railway, to the Yakima Valley, Washington, which is the most attractive irrigation proposition in the United States. All but tropical fruits grow luxuriantly, while alfalfa is a sure and profitable crop. Twenty-acre ranches can be purchased for \$600 on easy terms. The Northern Pacific Railway traverses the entire length of the valley, thus insuring good transportation facilities. Good schools and churches abound, and rural mail routes are established through the valley, which will soon be one large village. Thunderstorms are rare and cyclones are unknown. The climate, which is very mild, is extremely beneficial to consumptives and those afflicted with bronchial and catarrhal troubles. For particulars write to C. W. Mött, General Emigration Agent, Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

THERE IS A COOLNESS.

Sam Bridges, deputy United States clerk, lived high a few days recently and all because he resembled John S. Baker, says the Tacoma (Wash.) *Ledger*. Not that Mr. Bridges does not always live well, but this time he did not have to bear the expense of living, and life seemed one long holiday, full of pleasures and of all the good things that come to the deserving.

There is a hustling insurance agent at the Union Club, who recently came here from New York. He has written policies for many prominent Northern Pacific officials, and has secured several well-known business men. He is just out from the East, and—but how he came to the Union Club is another story.

The other day the insurance man met John S. Baker, and, greeting him effusively, offered liquid refreshments and cigars. Mr. Baker accepted the hospitality, and that night left for Spokane on a business trip.

Sam Bridges walked into the club the next day, and the insurance agent rushed up to him and, with effusive greetings to "Mr. Baker," drew him into the dining-room. The two dined sumptuously, and the insurance man followed the course for several days. Bridges was enjoying life, and the insurance man in his talk greeted him continually as "Mr. Baker." Finally he got around to a business point, and the Easterner wanted a private consultation with "Mr. Baker."

"When can I see you?" he asked, and Bridges unconcernedly replied, "Oh, any day at the bank between 10 and 2 o'clock."

The insurance man discovered the next morning at the bank that Mr. Baker had been in Spokane for a week, and now there is a decided coolness between the insurance agent and the deputy United States clerk. But the friends of the two are enjoying the joke hugely.

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Points of advantage too numerous to mention.

And price—well, you will be surprised.

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In the meantime study section No. 11 of our No. 1 Catalogue, it is full of information. A postal will bring a copy.

NATIONAL ENAMELING & STAMPING CO. BRANCH OFFICES NEW YORK CHICAGO BALTIMORE
MILWAUKEE ST. LOUIS



Money isn't much of an argument, perhaps, but it is so dead easy to follow.

Water on the brain can sometimes be avoided by using an umbrel'a.

Ike—"When I'm very angry I always count 100."
Clara—"Does that calm you down?"

"Well, it gives me time to get away from the other fellow."

Cu tomer (to waiter)—"Some cheese, please."

Waiter—"Beg pardon, sir. Very sorry, sir. Cheese out, sir."

Customer—"That so? When do you expect it back?"

Mrs. Rattles—"Here is a beautiful poem about an old darky musing on the hereafter. It is entitled 'When I Goes Home.'"

Mr. Rattles—"Kindly show that to your mother, will you?"

Judge—"Have you anything to say why the sentence of the Court should not be pronounced upon you?"

Pat—"Faith, yer honour, Oi have siven distinct reasons, iny wan of which would convince mesilf if Oi was only yer honour."

Clarence (poetically inclined)—"Father, how can you belold unmoved the glory of the autumn woods?"

Old Man—"I don't, an' I move right now that you take this here ax an' cut me 'bout ten cords o' wood outen them. So jerk your coat an' light in!"

Wheeler—"I wonder what has become of Walker: I haven't seen him for a week."

Ryder—"I saw his wife yesterday. She said he was learning to ride a pair of skates."

"How's he getting along?"

"On crutches, I believe."



He—"You see, I drive so well with one hand that the other is useless."

She—"Yes; I've been thinking of that for some time."

Tommy—"Pa, what's a bachelor?"
Pa—"A bachelor, my son, is a mighty lucky fellow; but don't tell your ma that I told you."

"Paw, what is stage fright?" asked the boy at a theater.

"Stage fright?" repeated his father, pointing to a veteran of the chorus. "Well, there is one."

The Mule—"I hear they strung your old owner up a tree the other day. Was he so bad?"

The Bronco—"Yes; he was the worst thing I ever bucked up against."

She—"How dare you come home in this condition, when you told me you were only going to the doctor's for treatment?"

He—"Thash a fac', m' dear. He's been treatin' me ever shince."

Mamma—"Why, Johnny, I'm ashamed of you! How could you take little Ethel's half of the apple away from her?"

"'Cause I ain't forgot what you told me—to always take sister's part!"

Mistress—"As I came by the kitchen window, Jane, I thought I saw you on a young man's knee!"

Jane—"Well, ma'am, it's an artist friend of mine, and I was giving him a sitting."

Doctor—"Well, Rastus, did you take those pills I gave you yesterday?"

"Yas, sah; I took 'em; but say, boss, ef yo's gwine to give me any mo' to take, woan yo' put 'em in a smaller box? I had a mighty hard time to swallow dat las' box."

Stranger—"Boy, can you direct me to the bank?"

Boy—"I kin for sixpence."

Stranger—"Sixpence! Isn't that high pay?"

Boy—"Yes, sir. But it's bank directors what gits high pay, you see, sir."

The clock struck nine. I looked at Kate,

Whose lips were luscious red.

"At a quarter after nine I mean

To steal a kiss," I said.

She cast a roguish look at me,

And then she whispered low,

With just the sweetest smile: "That clock

Is fifteen minutes slow."

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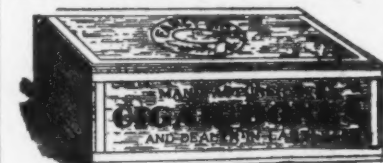


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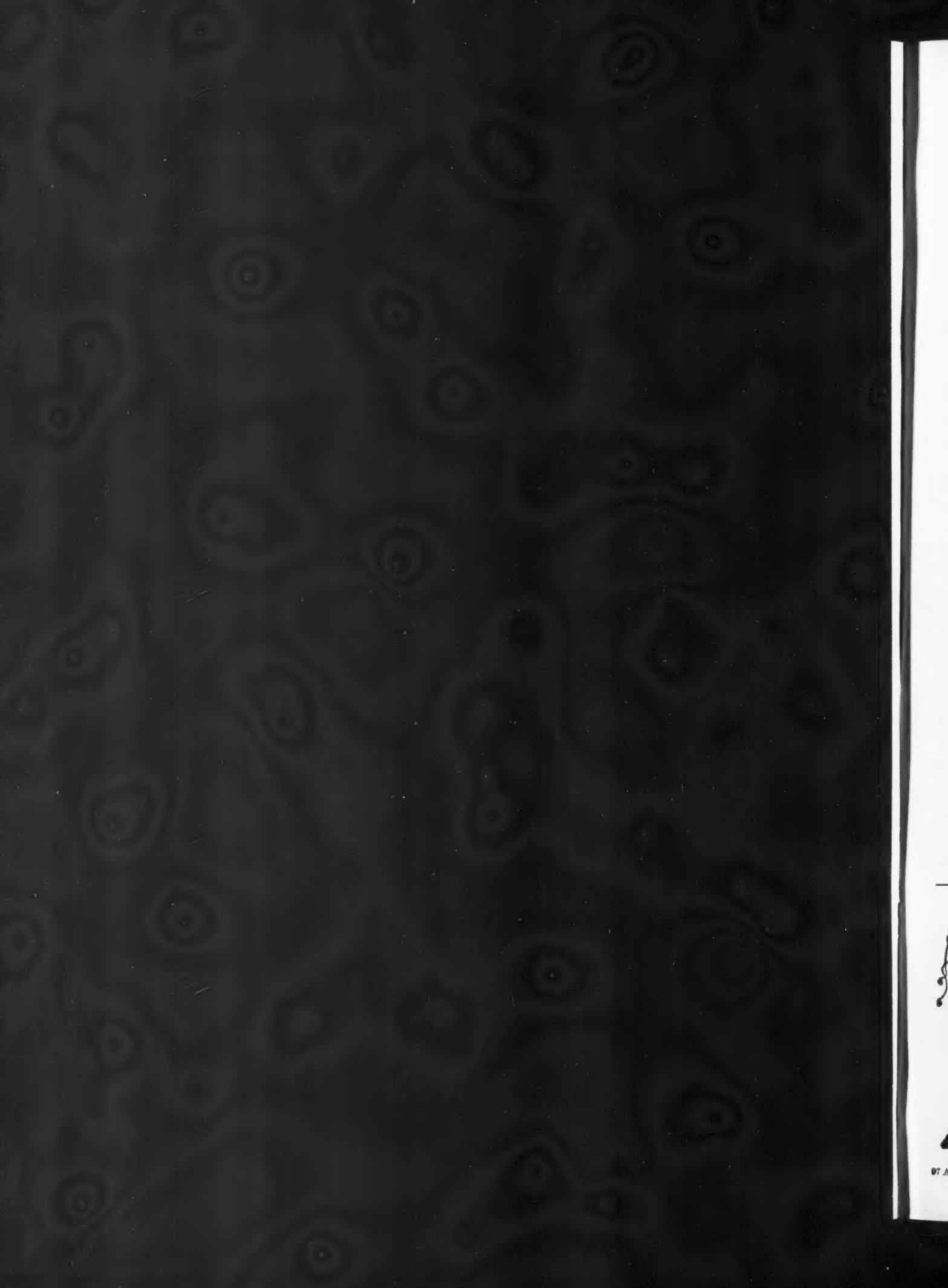
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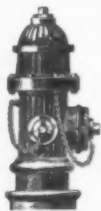
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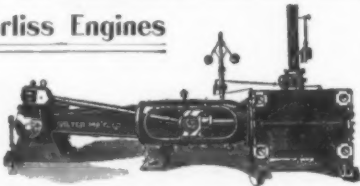
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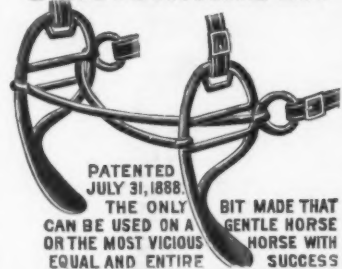
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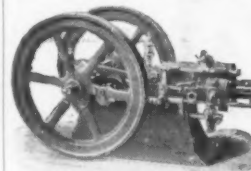


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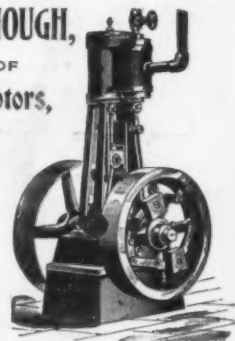
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